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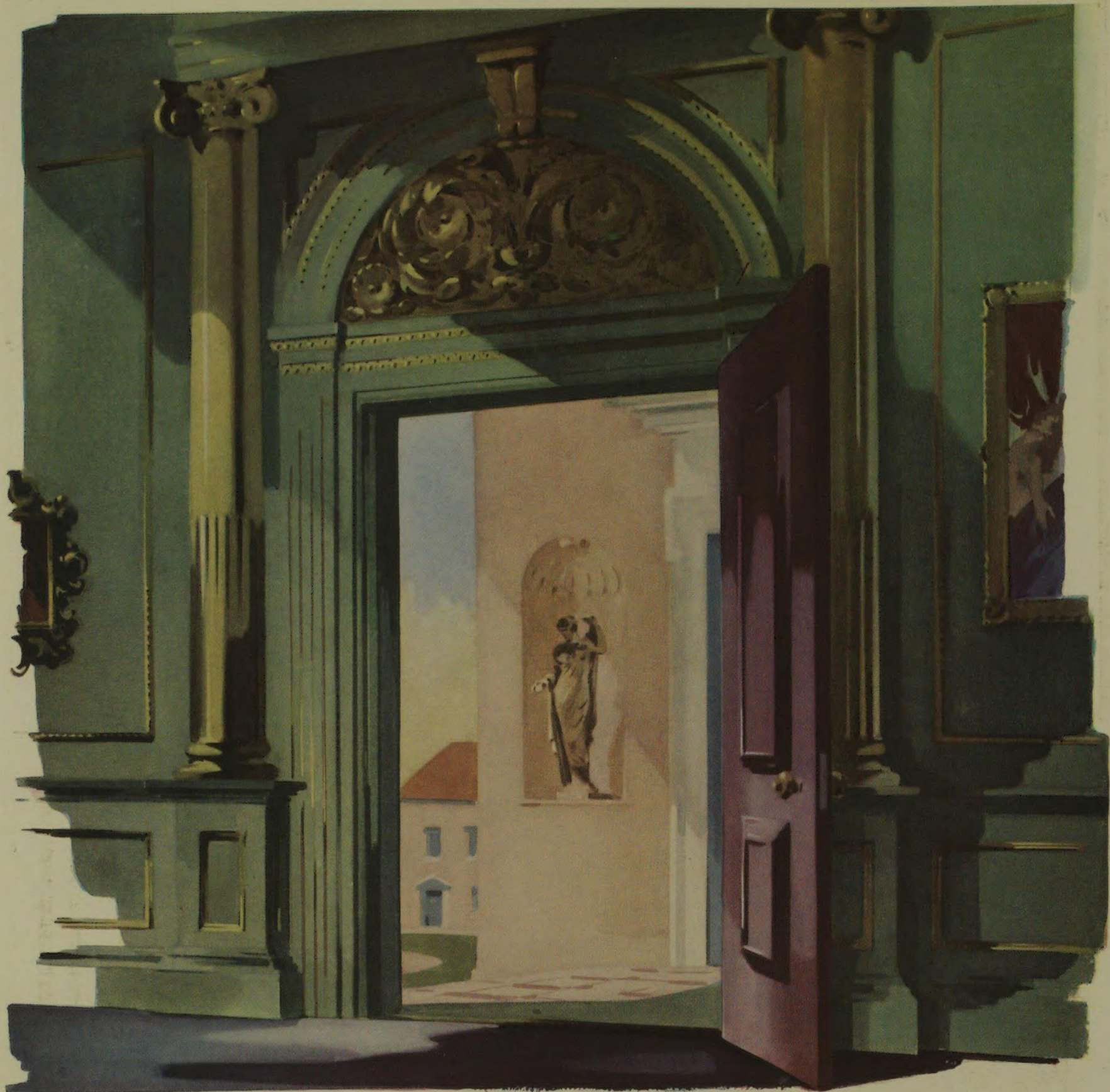
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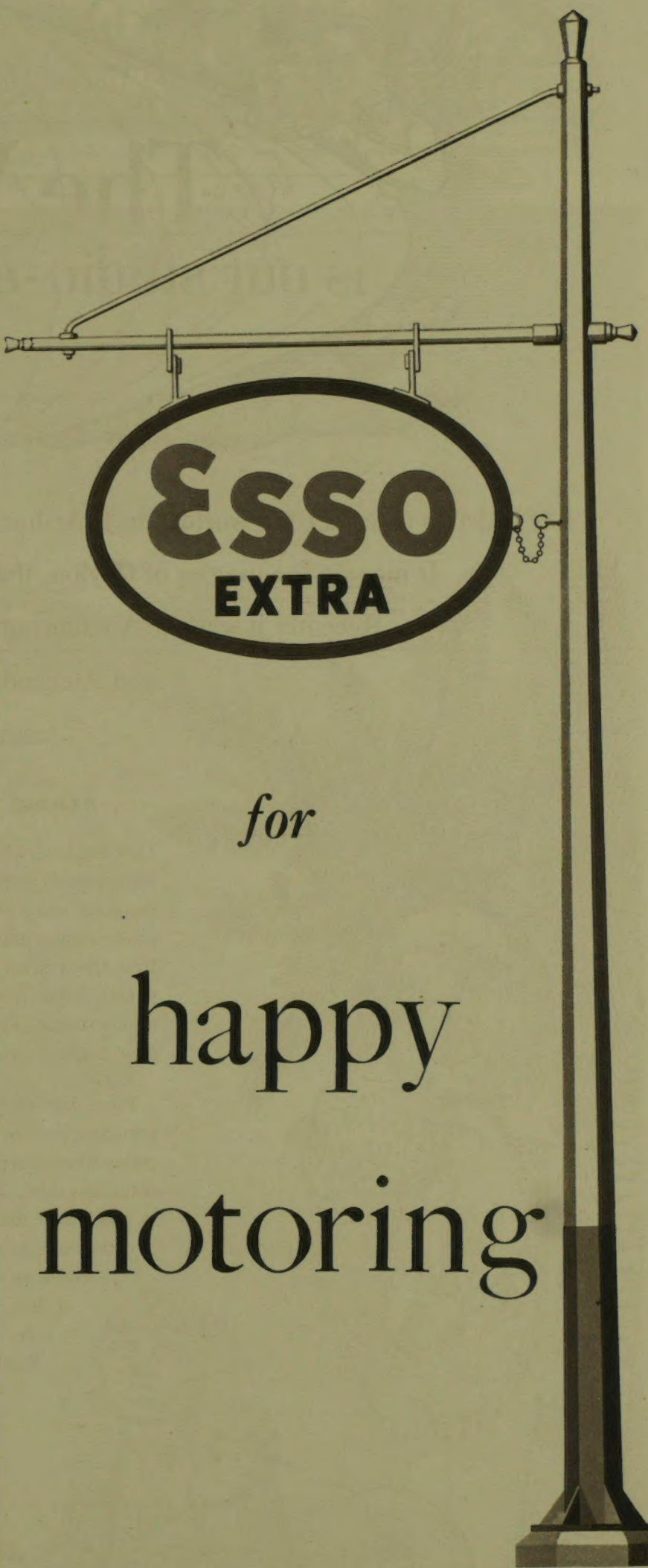
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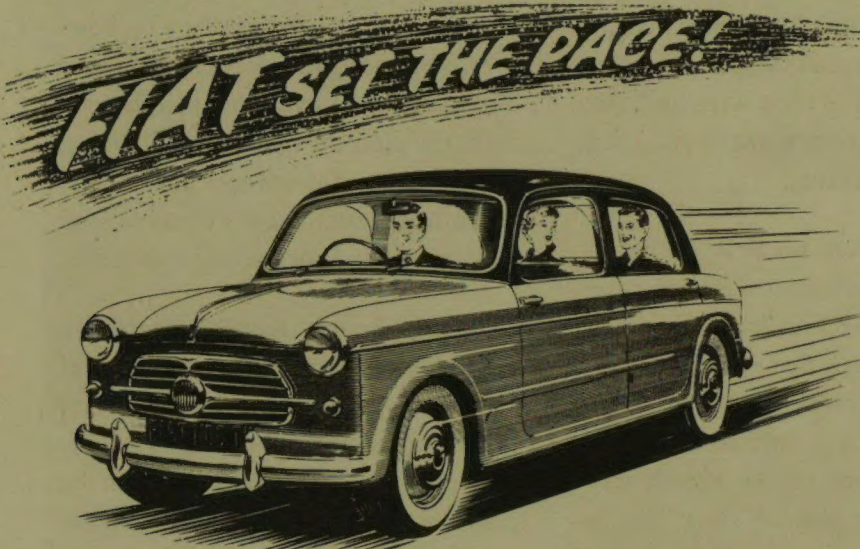


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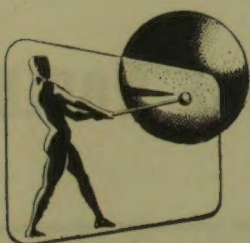
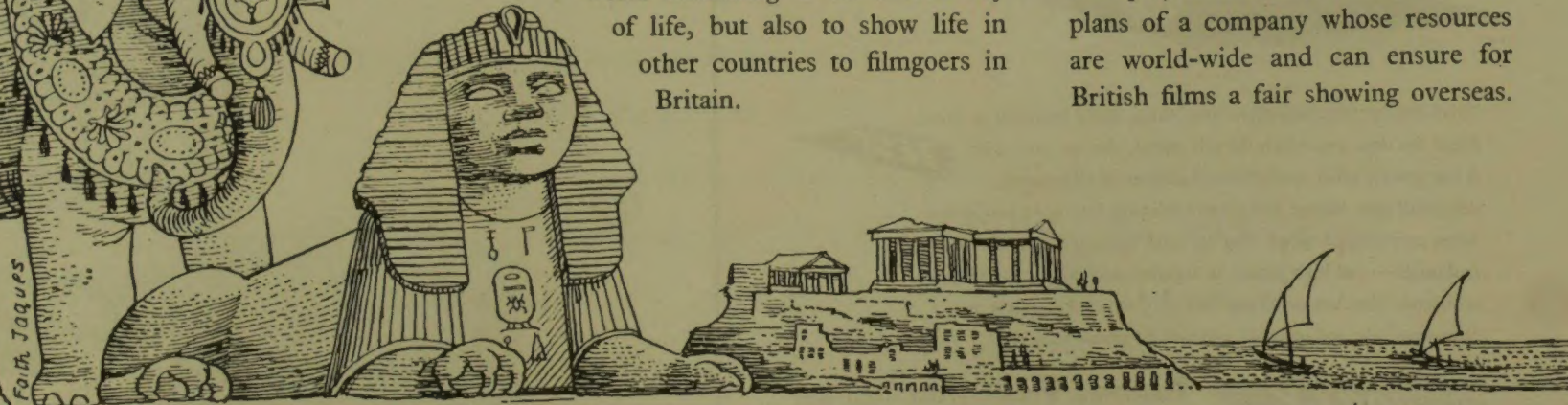
Dirk Bogarde, who stars in this new comedy, has appeared in films made in France, Spain, Germany and Kenya. For other Rank Group productions, film units have travelled to East Africa (*WEST OF ZANZIBAR*), Ceylon (*THE PURPLE PLAIN*, *THE PLANTER'S WIFE* and *THE BEACHCOMBER*), Italy (*ROMEO AND JULIET*) and New Zealand (*THE SEEKERS*).

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# THE ILLUSTRATED

# LONDON

# NEWS



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1955.



## A ROYAL LADY TO WHOM ALL OUR GOOD WISHES ARE DIRECTED ON HER 25TH BIRTHDAY: PRINCESS MARGARET.

On Sunday last, August 21, Princess Margaret, only sister of the Queen, celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday. Her Royal Highness, who lives at Clarence House, the London residence of her mother, H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, is shown seated in the garden there. Since her early youth she has played her part in the strenuous round of public duties which fall to the lot of the members of the Royal family, and last winter, when she carried

out her West Indian tour—the first Commonwealth journey she had undertaken alone without the support of any other member of the Royal family—her grace and dignity combined with friendliness and a lively interest in people and things, won all hearts, while her gifts as a public speaker roused general admiration. The Princess is holding her young Sealyham puppy, Pippin. [Photograph by Cecil Beaton.]



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IF one passes at almost any hour of the day or night through Piccadilly Circus—sometimes spoken of as the hub of the British Empire—one will see a crowd of vacant-faced men and women sitting on the steps of the Eros statue in the middle of the traffic. They are engaged in having what is called a good time and seeing life—an occupation which, like fox-hunting, would no doubt have called down from Dr. Johnson a thundering commentary on the paucity of human pleasures. In the evening the pavements and a large part of the roadway round the Circus are thronged with an even larger crowd, milling aimlessly to and fro and apparently similarly engaged. Its members are representative of similar crowds occupied at this hour in much the same way in the central place of every city, town and fair-sized village in Great Britain. These seekers after pleasure are not gay; they are not elegantly or gracefully dressed, and they are not, to judge by their expressions, happy. They mostly look, in fact, thoroughly bored. Towards nightfall a few of them may become a little noisy—though not, it should be said, very many of them, because apparently in their vain search for pleasure they have taken rather too much to drink. It is hard, perhaps, to blame them. At the same hour a considerable number of their wealthier and better-educated fellow-citizens are also engaged, equally aimlessly and imbibing on the whole a much larger quantity of liquor, in standing about in throngs and shouting at one another not in the streets but in the rooms of private houses and hotels, at what are called cocktail-parties! These also reveal what Doctor Johnson called the paucity of human pleasures.

At all times, of course, and in every corner of the earth human beings have gathered in large concourses in search of pleasure. But I sometimes wonder whether they have ever done so on quite such a large scale and in quite such a negative way as they do in this country at the present time. There seems to be no design or pattern in the thing; there is little communal sense, no tradition, no culture, no faith or rhythm or beauty about it. It is just mass idleness and a negation of any mental, spiritual or even physical activity. It is perhaps an inevitable reaction from the mechanical dullness of the assembly-line and of the clerk's desk. But to accept it as such and to do nothing to try to evoke a craving for a fuller and more consciously active life seems to me a counsel of despair. Human beings, I am convinced, were intended to be more self-sufficient and more creative than this. They were not meant to go through life vacuously drifting and marking-time; were given faculties to develop and ennoble them. The modern and so-called democratic philosophy that there is nothing higher for man to aspire to from puberty to the grave than the lowest common denominator of the undeveloped norm is really a mean and despicable one. It is the kind of dull negation out of which sooner or later evil, and monstrous evil, arises. That prescient political thinker, Disraeli, once said that if you destroy the institutions which educate and form men into active and intelligent citizens consciously proud of their privileges and duties, you will find in the end that you have substituted for a nation a mob. Every year the truth of what he said becomes a little more apparent. And the mob, let it be remembered, is the seed-bed of the tyrant. It is the breeding-ground of a Hitler, a Stalin, of Big Brother.

Whenever I pass through the Piccadilly Circus or the Saturday evening market-place of modern Britain, I am reminded not only of Benjamin Disraeli but of another prophet—my old and now, alas, dead friend, H. J. Massingham. He was regarded by many in his lifetime as an escapist and a sentimental lauder of ancient and outworn ways, and is probably still so regarded by most of the few who give his melancholy prophecies a thought. Yet no man was ever less of an escapist than John Massingham, not even the prophet Jeremiah! Unlike the rest of us, he stubbornly and heroically refused to take refuge from what he saw to be a hideous reality in an easy and unthinking acceptance of the spirit and trend of the age. Nothing would induce him to condone blind folly and self-destructive

vulgarity, to say or think acceptable things. Often, no doubt, as with all who have to swim against the tide and shout to make themselves heard above the popular uproar, he overstressed his case. Sometimes, too, in the very intensity of his desire to communicate the lessons of his enormous learning for the benefit of his unheeding contemporaries, he fell into faults of inaccuracy and overstatement. Nor was his judgment, any more than any other man's, infallible. But his vision was as profound as his knowledge; like Churchill in his day in the wilderness, he saw the truth and, regardless of unpopularity, ridicule and obloquy, announced it with a splendid and heroic eloquence. Unlike Churchill, he did not live to see circumstances make men realise the horrid truth of what he had preached; few prophets do. But, though he is dead, the writing on the wall that he saw remains, and, for those with eyes to see it, it seems to be growing larger and more clear.

This is not, of course, to say that our civilisation and nation are doomed. They need not be doomed, if we face reality in time, and adapt ourselves

to meet it. I do not believe in historic determinism; what determines everything in history is individual will, prompted by individual faith and conscience. But if we and our national civilisation are to survive, we have got to recreate in our people the same love of work, the same capacity for forgetting and transcending themselves in the enjoyment of fine and enduring workmanship, and the same reverent and realist sense of the laws of God and Nature that their forefathers possessed. Almost every word that Massingham wrote in the last twelve years of his life was a reminder in one form or another of that truth. I have just been re-reading his magnificent study of the old life of the Cotswolds, "Shepherd's Country," published just before the war. Like all his later books, it is a work of love and a work of prophecy. It is marred, as all such apocalyptic writing is apt to be, by occasional faults of taste and emphasis; a man setting out with urgency from the City of Destruction and trying to warn his neighbours, cannot be urbane. But it is a message whose burning conviction shines with a lovely clarity through every page. The essence of the old England that John Massingham loved and recorded with such profound and inspired scholarship was an intense love of perfection. It was founded on a conviction

widespread among all classes, but most of all among the labouring poor—among shepherds and herdsmen and craftsmen of every kind—that the work of a man's hand and mind was worth doing well, as well as it was conceivably possible to do it. This resulted, not only in a wonderful standard of efficiency in the arts of daily life but in a general sense of values, inner contentment and human dignity among what to-day would be regarded—but how wrongly!—as uneducated men and women. It was this that made Massingham write of Shepherd Wilcox and his assistant, shearing the last surviving flock of Cotswold sheep in England: "What nobility, formed by a tradition so hoary and august, was in their ceremonious motions, young and old! What the young man told me was that the red-flecked sheep I had seen at Overbury, the 'spotted and spangled' sort he called them, were named St. Jacob's sheep, 'like as they say in the Bible.' What I was seeing had been the source not only of the material but the spiritual wealth of old Cotswold, of those riches of workmanship and treasures of building, of local craft, of rite and festival in the lap of the earth, of village commonwealth and, with all its faults, of an abundance and intensity of life sown regionally but flowering uniformly through the ages. I have seen the last of the great days, but still I have seen them."\* The crowds milling night by night along the pavements of Coventry Street have never seen them and, through no fault of their own, are scarcely aware what a noble and creative thing man's life at best can become.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM  
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 25, 1855.



"THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL CORTÈGE IN PARIS": QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE EMPRESS EUGENIE IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE WITH, RIDING ON EITHER SIDE, PRINCE ALBERT (LEFT) AND THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

The visit which Queen Victoria and Prince Albert (created Prince Consort in 1857) paid to Paris during the Crimean War in August 1855 was described and illustrated in our issues of August 25 and September 1 of that year. To quote from the former number, "We this day record and illustrate the event of the week and of the age—the auspicious visit of her Majesty to the Imperial Court and the people of France. The world has heard of 'holy alliances' which were not holy. The present alliance between the people of Great Britain and France, of which the latest as well as the most magnificent proof is the reception of Queen Victoria in Paris—may claim the high designation with greater justice than any compact ever yet formed by Kings or nations. Its objects are entirely unselfish. No vision of glory to be won, of territory to be acquired, of influence to be extended, swayed the councils or inspired the resolutions of either nation when it reluctantly took arms to repel the ruthless and all-grasping ambition of the late Czar Nicholas. . . . Queen Victoria has not gone to Paris unarmed or unguarded. . . . she is not unprotected. Every man in France is her friend."

## INDIA AND GOA: INVASION BY "PEACEFUL DEMONSTRATORS," AND RIOTS.



THE "UNARMED INVASION MARCH" INTO GOA: A COLUMN OF SATYAGRAHIS (PEACEFUL DEMONSTRATORS) MOVING INTO GOA, BEARING INDIAN FLAGS, ON AUGUST 15.



UNDER FIRE FROM GOA POLICE: MEMBERS OF THE ARMY OF SATYAGRAHIS WHO CROSSED INTO GOA FROM INDIA, AT SEVERAL POINTS, ON AUGUST 15.



WITH HANDS RAISED TO BETOKEN THEIR FERVOUR: INDIAN MARCHERS CROSSING THE GOA BORDER AT BANDA ON AUGUST 15, INDIAN INDEPENDENCE DAY, IN "PEACEFUL INVASION."



ENTERING GOA: MR. V. D. CHITALE, THE COMMUNIST LEADER (CARRYING SACHEL), AND MR. OAK (ARM RAISED), WHO WERE BOTH SUBSEQUENTLY WOUNDED.



THE ANTI-PORTUGUESE RIOTS IN BOMBAY: DEMONSTRATORS BEING DISPERSED WITH TEAR-GAS. POLICE WITH STAVES ARE ON THE RIGHT, AND A WOMAN IS WAVING AN INDIAN FLAG (LEFT).



ATTEMPTING TO HOIST THE INDIAN FLAG OUTSIDE THE PORTUGUESE CONSULATE: RIOTERS IN BOMBAY.

Frontier incidents, protests and recriminations between India and Portuguese Goa have been taking place for some time. Last year on August 15, Indian Independence Day, an invasion by *satyagrahis* was staged with small result. This year on the same date an invasion of some 1711 Indians took place at various points. The police fired on them and casualties at the time of writing are estimated at fifteen dead and over 200 wounded. Following the shooting, anti-Portuguese and anti-British demonstrations took place in Bombay; and riots

in Calcutta. Mr. Nehru deplored these. He had, however, sent good wishes to *satyagrahis* entering Goa, on Independence Day. Goa (1573 square miles) was Portugal's first territorial possession in Asia. Goa city became the capital and was granted the same civic privileges as Lisbon. On August 19 preparations for a further invasion were reported. On August 12 the Governor-General of the Portuguese Indian Territories stated that the police would use force only as a last resort, but that Portuguese authority had to be respected.



NEAR THE EQUATOR: PART OF THE NEW COLLEGE AT KUMASI, IN ASHANTI, SEEN IN A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE AND MODERN DESIGN OF ONE OF THE BUILDINGS ON THE NOTABLE ENTERPRISE OF THE GOLD COAST.



ON ONE OF THE HILLS SURROUNDING KAMPALA: MAKERERE COLLEGE, THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF EAST AFRICA.



IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY, WITH THE SENIOR CHEMISTRY TUTOR: STUDENTS AT WORK IN MAKERERE COLLEGE, WHICH WAS ACCORDED THE STATUS OF A UNIVERSITY COLLEGE IN 1949.

## HOW BRITAIN ENCOURAGES UNIVERSITY FACILITIES



FOUNDED IN 1949 BY THE AMALGAMATION OF RAFFLES MEDICINE: THE UNIVERSITY OF MALAYA WHICH

## HER COLONIAL STUDENTS: IN FOUR CONTINENTS.



COLLEGE AND THE KING EDWARD VII. COLLEGE OF IS EMBARKING ON LARGE EXTENSION SCHEMES.



A COLLEGE WHICH OWES ITS ORIGIN TO LOCAL INITIATIVE AND POPULAR DEMAND: THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF THE GOLD COAST, SHOWING ONE OF THE NEW HALLS OF RESIDENCE ON LEGON HILL.



A POST-WAR FOUNDATION: UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, AT IBADAN, NIGERIA, SHOWING TWO STUDENTS AT WORK IN THE LIBRARY IN ONE OF THE NEW PERMANENT BUILDINGS.



STUDYING MEDICINE: A CHARMING STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, IBADAN. A NEW TEACHING HOSPITAL IS BEING BUILT FOUR MILES FROM THE COLLEGE.



SEEN FROM THE AIR: UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AT IBADAN, IN NIGERIA. A HUTTED HOSPITAL WAS ADAPTED AS TEMPORARY ACCOMMODATION WHILE THESE PERMANENT BUILDINGS WERE BEING CONSTRUCTED.

Excellent progress has been made since the war in providing facilities for higher education in British dependencies, and the need for such facilities is urgent, for, with Colonial peoples making impassioned claims to self-determination, it is from the ranks of university and college students that their future rulers must necessarily be drawn. At the end of the war, with the exception of Ceylon and



FOUNDED IN 1911: THE UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG, WHICH BUILDINGS WERE GUTTED AND LOOTED DURING THE JAPANESE

Occupation. It opened again for teaching in 1946. Palestine, only two universities existed in the dependencies and the Sudan—those of Malta and Hong Kong, the former bomb-damaged and the latter looted and gutted by the Japanese. Both have tackled the heavy task of rehabilitation, and a third university has been established in Malaya; this, like its two predecessors, is inter-racial. Six university colleges have also been developed—in the West



INDIES, THE GOLD COAST, IBADAN (NIGERIA), EAST AFRICA, KHARTOUM AND RHODESIA. ALL THESE INSTITUTIONS HAVE NUMEROUS FACULTIES, INCLUDING THOSE OF ARTS, SCIENCE, MODERN LANGUAGES AND MEDICINE, AND SEVERAL HAVE ESTABLISHED FULL DEPARTMENTS OF EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES. STUDENTS IN 1946 NUMBERED 726; BY 1954 THE NUMBER

HAS RISEN TO 4592. THE BRITISH TAXPAYER HAS PROVIDED THE MAJOR CONTRIBUTION



IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, SEVEN MILES FROM KINGSTON, JAMAICA: THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF THE WEST INDIES, WHICH WAS CONSTITUTED BY ROYAL CHARTER IN JANUARY 1949.

towards the capital costs of these new institutions. Under the Acts of 1945 and 1950, a total of £7,500,000 has been spent or committed. This is no small endowment, but if it helps to facilitate a regard for responsible administration, healing, and other humanitarian arts among students in the British dependencies, it will have been money wisely bestowed.

MANY observers have been puzzled by the enormous numerical strength of the Russian armed forces and in particular that of the Red Army. Two explanations were obvious enough. The last great war was for Soviet Russia in the main an infantry and artillery war, and it was the vast Russian superiority in those arms which ground Hitler's armies to dust. Then, until his death, Russian military policy remained in the hands of the wartime Generalissimo. Stalin's ideas were the product of that war. It would seem that he continued to think in essence in terms of mass armies, with the terrific inventions of modern science as accessories. Yet these are explanations rather than justifications. Up to a point, Stalin was right. The huge Russian armies constituted, as they do still, a grave menace to the West. Before N.A.T.O. had built up its strength they could have overrun the European continent in a few weeks. They are still far superior in strength to the land forces of the West and likely to remain so. But at last the man-power problem has become insistent.

On our side, groping for information as we always were, it appeared certain that the Red Army was proving a drain on the economy of the nation. And, little by little, we had realised that all was not well with this economy. The demobilisation of 640,000 men is not a particularly bold measure in view of the fact that, to the best of our knowledge, it leaves 4,000,000 in the armed forces, a strength roughly the same as before the war in Korea. It is to be expected that the greater proportion of the man-power now to be made available will go into agriculture. The effect will be to improve the Soviet war economy and thus in the long run to make Russia more formidable. At the same time, it will not appreciably weaken even the conventional fighting strength. And it must be considered a masterly move, because it brings along with it propagandist advantages of the highest order.

Over a period of several years I have occasionally speculated here on the possibility that the rulers of Russia were genuinely nervous lest they should be attacked. It now seems that they were at all events not assured that the West would never strike first and that they have at last decided to put such a risk from their minds. It has become equally probable—as near to a certainty as we are likely to get in dealing with them—that they do not contemplate an attack themselves in the near future. They want, above all, to put their house in order and may not even have made up their minds what their policy is to be when this has been accomplished. The gestures they have made this year are for the benefit rather of peoples, the British and American peoples in particular, than of their Governments. How successful they have been can be seen from the fact that many people are expressing admiration for the proposal to prune Russian military strength, without realising that British and American strength has, since the war, been reduced to a far greater extent.

It is not, however, only as propaganda addressed to peoples that the cut can be used. It will serve at the council table also. It will be an asset in the Disarmament Sub-Committee, which has assumed greater importance now that it is to be the accepted channel for disarmament proposals. The cut will be brought forward with reference to the armament of Western Germany. Surely, we shall be told, if the West really wants peace, it will not choose the moment when Russia is taking a long step towards disarmament to create a new army in the nation which brought about the Second World War. This is not to say that British and American statesmen are making a mistake in welcoming the Russian move. At the same time, they are not making a mistake in treating it with a certain reserve and waiting for evidence that it is a genuine move towards peace.

I wrote above that the transfer of 640,000 men from the colours to production would in the long run make Russia more formidable. If the funds required to maintain them in arms were to be transferred to war industry, Russian strength for war would, of course, be still further increased. On that point some evidence should be obtainable. The Russian military budget is not a simple matter, because various items of military expenditure do not come under it, and it

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. MAN-POWER AND THE RUSSIAN ARMED FORCES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

could probably be made even more difficult to assess, if the authorities set their minds to the task, than it is already. Yet we have been given to understand that a reasonably close estimate has been made in the past. If that is so, there seems no reason why the tracks should now be lost. Military expenditure as a whole must now be one of the surest tests of progress towards peace, even though the question is complicated by monetary inflation, and that not least in our own country.

As I have previously written on this page, the extremes of optimism and of pessimism with which recent Russian exchanges with the West have been summed up appear in both cases unrealistic. On the one hand, it seems wrong to deny that these exchanges afford proof of a genuine desire to lessen tension. If we accept this much, we must also conclude that Russia desires peace now and for a certain time. On the other hand, we have no proof of a desire for an enduring peace. To do the pessimists justice, they have some reason to be alarmed by the widespread tendency to assume that we have. Russian power has not been weakened by any of the acts which have been hailed as concessions. In some cases these have been no more than a righting—or a partial righting—

going to be progress to an enduring peace, there will have to be progress on the two points, and if none is made on either I shall regard the future with apprehension, however loud the whoops of delight over improved relations. The first is a measure of freedom for what are called the satellites, the Eastern European countries under the Russian yoke. A few words on this subject were uttered by President Eisenhower at the start of the Geneva Conference, but if it was ever discussed, which is unlikely, it was in private. The West ought not to let this matter drop. We have, alas, become so accustomed to the odious spectacle that we are in danger of looking on it as normal. We must not succumb to that danger.

The other point is, to my mind, of even greater importance. It is the maintenance of Communist propaganda and subversion, almost exclusively Russian-controlled, through the Communist parties of the nations of the West. It so happens that we are less affected than some of our allies because our Communist Party is relatively weak. Yet it is by no means as weak as its voting figures would indicate. The "cryptos" and the "fellow-travellers" in many walks of life, but especially in the unions, are barely distinguishable from avowed Communists in their objects and may in some cases be more dangerous because they do not wear the label. One might argue that the domination of the satellites, unjustifiable though it be, is a form of defence. Communist activities in the so-called capitalist countries are nakedly offensive, a system of wrecking an opponent by corrupting his blood. It may destroy as completely

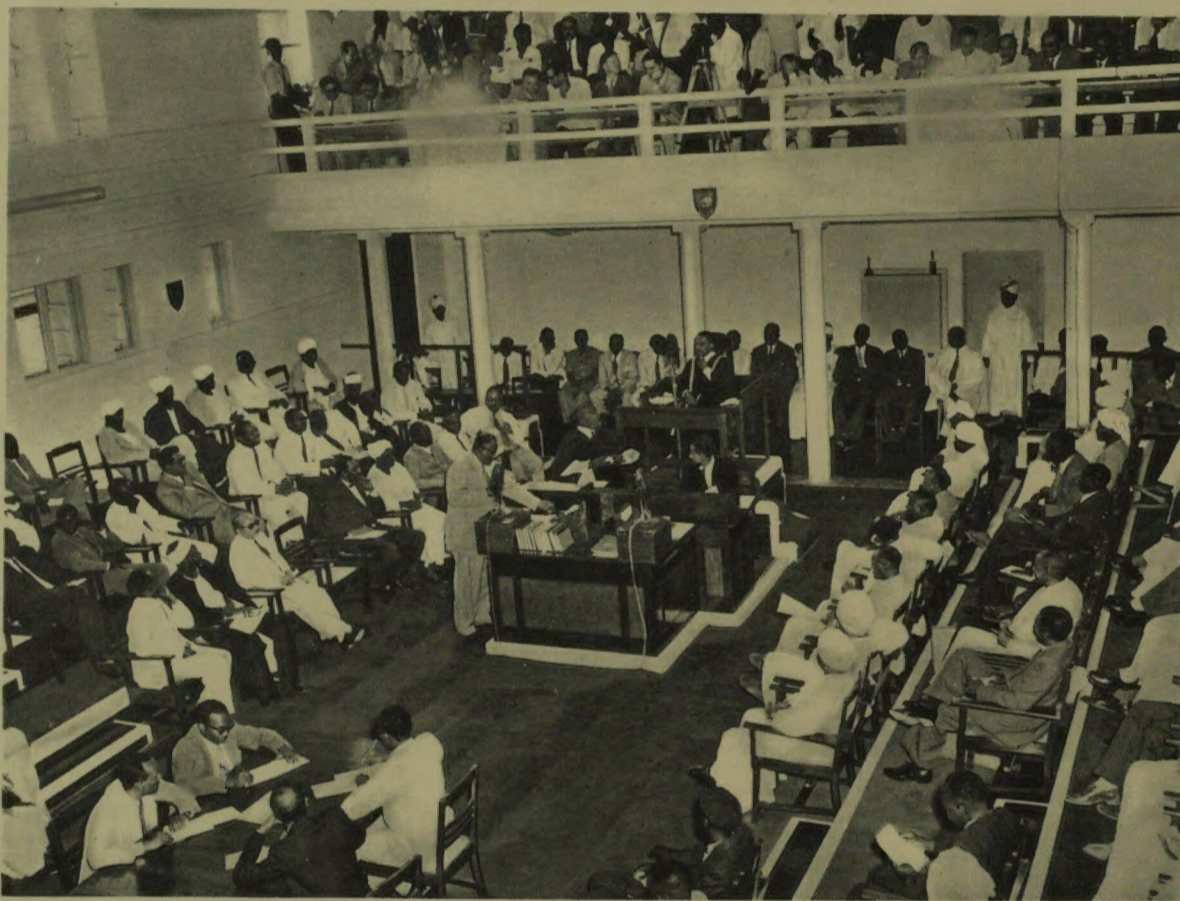
as war, without endangering the aggressor. Unless an understanding is reached on this point, it would be idle to hope for enduring peace.

In an endeavour to sum up the significance of the Russian proposal, the following points are tentatively advanced. The changed conditions of warfare have influenced the desirable balance of armed forces, as has already been shown by the decision of the United States and the United Kingdom to decrease their land forces. In that respect Soviet Russia may only be following suit. Apart from this consideration, Russia may be taken to have reached a stage in economic and industrial development at which intensification of effort upon development already achieved has succeeded the stages of expansion. This probably leads to heavier demands on man-power, so that that of Russia, which could once be treated as virtually inexhaustible, can no longer be regarded as such. At the same time, the reserve power of Russia is still enormous, and demobilisation of 640,000 men increases it by that number, though it diminishes the active strength. We can estimate Russia's theoretical war establishment, but the number which the war establishment would stand under the conditions of a major war is anybody's guess.

Then, virtually all the figures to our hand are based on estimates. The Soviet Government has not, like the Governments of the West, announced the strength of its armed forces. The satellite strength has been increased and its armament has been improved to a varying degree. The reliability of the satellites also varies, and it is unlikely that Russia would risk expanding their forces to the full or equipping them beyond a standard definitely inferior to her own. On the part of the West, one of the greatest dangers lies in sentimentality, which has already shown itself here and there. Even presuming that Russian intentions are peaceful both in the short-term and long-term issues, she would obviously be glad to win the race for dominating power without having to fight for it, if the West were obliging enough to disperse its strength in one-sided bargains.

The Russian attitude now differs from that of the recent past. If it stands for a genuine desire for peace, signs of this development will gradually appear. Chief among them will be greater frankness and willingness to exchange information. It is fair to say that already there has been a certain progress in this respect. Meanwhile, we cannot afford to neglect the bitter lessons and the disillusionments of the past ten years, while welcoming every indication of a changed mind in the Soviet Government.

### THE SUDAN'S PROGRESS TOWARDS INDEPENDENCE.



PROPOSING A MOTION REQUESTING THE EVACUATION OF BRITISH AND EGYPTIAN TROOPS FROM THE SUDAN: THE SUDANESE PRIME MINISTER, SAYED ISMAIL EL AZHARI (STANDING, CENTRE), AT A MEETING OF THE SUDAN PARLIAMENT IN KHARTOUM.

The Sudan's march towards self-rule is progressing rather faster than was envisaged in the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement of February 1953. Following the elections of October 1953, it will be recalled, the National Unity Party was returned to power, and the Governor-General inaugurated Parliament on January 1, 1954, after which the first all-Sudanese Government was formed. On August 1, 1955, the Prime Minister, Ismail el Azhari, announced that the first stage of the progress towards self-government was completed, with the "Sudanization" of important posts previously held by foreigners: and on August 16, the Sudanese Parliament met and voted unanimously in favour of the evacuation of foreign troops within ninety days. Emboldened by the display of national unity which greeted this proposal, the Government, on August 18, demanded Sudanese independence without any plebiscite to determine whether or not to establish formal links with Egypt and without further elections for a Constituent Assembly. In the first of these demands, no doubt the Government was influenced by the anti-Egyptian nature of the popular demonstrations, and in the second by the unanimity of all factions in the Sudan on matters relating to self-determination.

of cruel wrongs inflicted on individuals. In others, such as the liberation of Austria, Russia has obtained compensation which has made a retreat worth while.

So, it seems to me, there are two problems, short-term and long-term. Action by the West must in the main be limited to the former. Progress in dealing with it must be slow. Yet by comparison with the long-term it is a simple and easy business. The responsibility which the double problem imposes on the responsible statesmen is grave. They have to carry their people with them through the short-term business with hopeful hearts but without painting rose-coloured pictures. They must welcome every easing of the international situation but always with the consciousness that, if Russia should want peace now and not in five or ten years' time, they might all too easily give away for the sake of present peace assets for which they or their successors would give their blood when it was too late. They may have a little more light to guide their steps than is vouchsafed to the rest of us, but it is at best dim and in the corners the obscurity is impenetrable. Who would envy their task?

Yet to shrewd minds some further faint illumination will appear in due time. Even work on what I have called the short-term problem should make the shape of the long-term more apparent. If there is



**CARRYING BANNERS AND SHOUTING SLOGANS, A VAST CROWD ROUND THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LORD KITCHENER DEMANDS FULL INDEPENDENCE: A SCENE IN KHARTOUM FOLLOWING THE REQUEST FOR THE WITHDRAWAL OF FOREIGN TROOPS.**

At a historic meeting of the Sudan Parliament at Khartoum on August 16, representatives voted unanimously in favour of the evacuation of foreign troops as the next step in the process of self-determination. Outside the House, a vast crowd heard the news with mounting excitement, and subsequently moved in procession towards Kitchener Square. There, thronging in their thousands round the equestrian statue of the Field-Marshal, they listened to the Prime Minister as he addressed them from the balcony of the Ministry of the Interior. The speech was relayed through loudspeakers, one at each foot of Lord Kitchener's horse. Amidst the scenes of enthusiasm that ensued, the shouts raised against

union with Egypt were accompanied by waving banners bearing slogans demanding complete independence for the Sudan. It was reported that the crowds greeted the appearance of Mr. Nur ed Din, the leading political supporter of unity with Egypt, by breaking the windows of his car. The general impression is that while Egypt's cause has suffered considerably as a result of what is considered in the Sudan to be her unjustifiable interference in the matter of Sudanese self-determination, British prestige has been enhanced by the realisation that Britain has no objective other than to safeguard the freedom of the Sudanese people to choose their own future path.

# YOUNG SAILING ENTHUSIASTS: CADET WEEK ON THE CROUCH.



COMPETING IN THE RACE FOR THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN TROPHY, FIRST EVENT IN THE "YACHTING WORLD" CADET ASSOCIATION REGATTA AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, GIVEN BY THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB LAST WEEK: SOME OF THE CADET DINGHIES SAILED BY EAGER YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS, UNDER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.



LAUNCHING THE DINGHIES: SOME OF THE UNDER-EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD COMPETITORS WHO ASSEMBLED FOR CADET WEEK AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH.

*Cadet Week*, the regatta of the *Yachting World Cadet Association*, for which the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club acted as hosts at Burnham-on-Crouch last week, was ample proof of the great popularity of the *Cadet Dinghy* which was designed by Mr. Jack Holt for the *Yachting World Cadet Association*, founded in 1947. Eighty-six dinghies were entered, sailed by under-eighteen-year-old enthusiasts, who included entrants from France and Belgium; and it is interesting to note



TAKING THE DINGHIES DOWN TO THE WATER FOR THE START OF THE RACING: COMPETITORS, WHO INCLUDED YOUNG YACHTSMEN FROM BELGIUM AND FRANCE.

that there are estimated to be some 1750 of these sporting little craft now in existence in all parts of the world. The first event, the race for the Royal Corinthian Trophy, was won by *Spark* (J. Vines, Minima). The winner of the *Yachting World Trophy* was B. Ellis, Broxbourne S. C., in his *Dial*, who also carried off the Camrose Cup and the Vice-President's Cup. Much admiration was roused by the way in which the young yachtsmen handled their craft.



THE DOLPHIN WHICH JUMPS FOR ITS SUPPER: ENTERTAINMENT AT THE MARINE STUDIOS, FLORIDA.

Marine Studios, Marineland, near St. Augustine, Florida, is world-famous, and has been illustrated more than once on our pages. The sea creatures which live there occupy two large sea-water tanks, each with under-water windows for observation; but the main attraction is the daily feeding of what are referred to in America as porpoises, but which in this country we call bottle-nosed dolphins (*Tursiops truncatus*). For under-water feeding a diver walks on the floor of the tank with a wire basket of fish, while the

dolphins jostle for the food, but the feeding from a platform above the tank is more dramatic. A member of the staff holds out a fish and the dolphin leaps from the water to collect it. The accuracy of the jumps provides good entertainment. The highlight is when the fish is held between the teeth of the feeder and the dolphin takes it neatly without bumping noses. Our colour photograph was taken by Captain T. F. U. Lang, A.F.C., with a Leica III F., 135-mm. lens, 1/200th sec. at F.5.6. Kodachrome film.



SMART RIDING KIT OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—A CONTRAST TO MODERN FASHIONS FOR SHOW RING JUMPING GIRLS: THE FLOWING HABIT AND FEATHERED HAT, NOW REPLACED BY BREECHES, HACKING JACKET AND BOWLER.

"THE LADY SOPHIA PELHAM", BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT, F.R.A. (1803-1878).

THIS delightful portrait of the Lady Sophia Pelham (1840-1886) was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1853, and again in the Winter Exhibition, 1951-52, "The First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy," to which it was lent by the Earl of Yarborough. The young rider, then thirteen years of age, who is shown on her pony *Jenny Lind*, was the only daughter of the third Earl of Yarborough and in 1862 married the fourteenth Earl of Eglintoun and Winton. Her flowing habit and her feather-trimmed hat, tied under the chin with blue ribbons, form a striking contrast to the kit of the modern young Amazon, who practically always rides astride and wears well-cut breeches and boots and a bowler hat; but though she never competed in a show ring, Lady Sophia Pelham's horsemanship was no doubt well up to her contemporary standards.

*Reproduced by courtesy of the Earl of Yarborough.*

# QUEEN VICTORIA'S "DEAR PARADISE" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

"BALMORAL: THE HISTORY OF A HOME"; By IVOR BROWN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WHEN the late Hilaire Belloc was in his lusty prime "E. Clerihew" wrote of him:

Mr. Hilaire Belloc  
Is a case for legislation *ad hoc*:  
He seems to think that nobody minds  
His books being all of different kinds.

Mr. Brown, perhaps, has not been so universally pervasive as Belloc. He has not, so far as I know, attempted history, military criticism, poetry, economics, or theology; and, though he might have shone, like Belloc, as an essayist, and there is an essayistic quality about most of his writing, he has not, so far as I know, published a book of essays. But since the classified list of his works has sub-divisions headed: "Autobiography," "Topography," "Biography," "Novels," "Satires," "Politics," "Criticism" and "Word Books," he can hardly be said to have got into a rut. And it may be said in regard to him as to Belloc that nobody (of any sense) does "mind." Universality of interest and versatility in the arts are not in fashion. Specialization is the thing, and a man is resented who can't be filed with a label around his neck. The more money is spent on "education," and especially on educational buildings, the less notice is taken of what used to be called "a liberal education." For light on this, as on many other themes, reference may be made to Sir David Kelly's new book, "The Hungry Sheep." The sad reflection occurs to me that the hungry sheep do not realise that they are not fed: they are not even fed up.

Mr. Brown, happily, does not conform: I was refreshed, as others may be perturbed, by finding that his new book is on an unexpected theme—namely, Balmoral, Queen Victoria's sizeable country cottage in Aberdeenshire. The local interest is natural: for Mr. Brown is himself an Aberdeenshire Brown. That may seem a very ordinary fact to Southrons who think that Brown is a very ordinary name. The point about the local Browns is that before the Jacobite risings they were almost as rare as ostriches in Aberdeenshire: and there must have been an ostrich or two, or why the name McOstrich?

After Culloiden, many of the survivors found it inconvenient to start a new life with an old name, and some of them called themselves Brown." Mr. Ivor Brown's real name, in tail male, may possibly be Carnegie: so also that of John Brown, the faithful gillie, whose straightforward, blunt speech and honest advice so pleased the Prince Consort (who knew honesty when he saw it) and the young Queen, and the ageing widow, who found in him not merely a link with the noble husband whom she had idolised, but a refreshing contrast to the conventional and ceremonial life which she had to lead at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace. Secondly, Mr. Brown knows and loves the Deeside country with which Queen Victoria fell in love at first sight, and where she was happier than anywhere else, and where she climbed mountains like a stag and went Great Expeditions, up and down hill, of fifty miles a day, on foot or on pony, which reduced her male retinue to exhaustion! And, thirdly, Mr. Brown is reacting against certain of his own countrymen.

Apparently certain young sillies in Scotland have invented the word "Balmorality" to cover

everything to which they object in modern Scotland: including the "clearances," the Industrial Revolution, and the vulgarity of the tartan souvenirs in the modern seaside resorts. In a superficial way, perhaps the Queen and her Consort *did* overdo it: they invented a Balmoral tartan, and introduced tartanic patterns into wallpapers, carpets and chair-covers. But after all, her claim to the throne was based on a Stuart descent, which derived from a Plantagenet descent; the last Stuart relics were bequeathed to her uncle, George IV.,

and inquisitive about everything, willing to dance till dawn, when her husband, exhausted by papers, rested on a sofa, has fascinated many a man. When I was young I knew her in pictures as a stately, and portly, resolute old lady proceeding, on public

occasions, with widow's weeds and a carriage and a guard of Indians in turbans, to some public function. Time has passed; the old woman who liked Disraeli and didn't like Gladstone, has gone.

But there remain two pictures of her. The Winterhalter picture of the enchanting girl, and the lingering picture from the last war. Half the public-houses in England had a text up which said that defeat was never mentioned in "this house." It was encouraging; but, as a rule, the thing was not ascribed to the Queen, who had made the remark during the Boer War—which was won, and which resulted, a sentimental British Government being in power, in the whole of South Africa being surrendered to the Boers.

A book about Balmoral might have been written in a local guide-book style. We have escaped that: the book has been written by an Aberdeenshire man, who knows the countryside, and who is aware of the merits of the Prince Consort and who is (after all this time) a little in love with the young Queen Victoria.

The Queen was in love with her man, until death. He may not have entirely understood this country; this country wasn't quite serious enough for him. But he did his best. "There was, moreover, the nervous strain caused by the risk of war with the American Government over the Trent affair. The Prince Consort's modification of a too petulant Foreign Office dispatch... saved the situation. His last act of

policy was of great benefit to the world. But, when he minuted the dispatch, his brain was driving a weakened hand. He could hold his own with Lord Palmerston, but he could hardly hold his pen. 'Gastric fever' set in—typhoid to us. The venerable doctors of the House hold gathered round and achieved little. He walked in his sleep. His mind wandered, and just before midnight on 14th December he moaned indistinctly to the Queen that he grieved so much to leave so good a wife and died. Lord Clarendon said of the aged and august medicos who attended him, 'They are not fit to attend a sick cat.' He would surely not have died with modern attention."

I think that I have made the wrong extract from Mr. Brown's book: there is so much in it about the Queen's happy parties, her climbs in the mountains, her walks

alone to the cottages where the women spoke to her as woman to woman. But Mr. Brown has been conquered by her, as even the cynical, emasculate Lytton Strachey was. She was a great woman, who made up in will, honesty and resolution what she lacked in intellect; and, over fifty years after her death, another man has knelt at her feet.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 360 of this issue.



MR. IVOR BROWN, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.  
Mr. Ivor John Carnegie Brown was born in 1891 and educated at Cheltenham College and Balliol, Oxford. He was London dramatic critic and leader-writer for the *Manchester Guardian*, 1919-35; dramatic critic to the *Observer*, 1929-54; and dramatic critic to *The Illustrated London News* for some years. He edited the *Observer* from 1942-48, and was Associate Editor and Hon. director from 1948-54.



WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT TOOK UP THEIR RESIDENCE JUST 100 YEARS AGO: THE CASTLE OF BALMORAL, BESIDE THE ABERDEENSHIRE DEE.



ROYAL GROUP AT BALMORAL, 1896: (L. TO R., STANDING) DUKE OF CONNAUGHT; PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT (LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY); PRINCE OF WALES (LATER KING EDWARD VII.); DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT; PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN (PRINCESS HELEN VICTORIA); PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK (NOW KING HAARON OF NORWAY); PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES; EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. OF RUSSIA; PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT (CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN). (SEATED): PRINCESS OF WALES (LATER QUEEN ALEXANDRA); EMPRESS OF RUSSIA (PRINCESS VICTORIA ALICE OF HESSE); PRINCESS LOUISE, PRINCESS ROYAL (DUCHESS OF FIFE); PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK. (PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES, LATER QUEEN OF NORWAY).

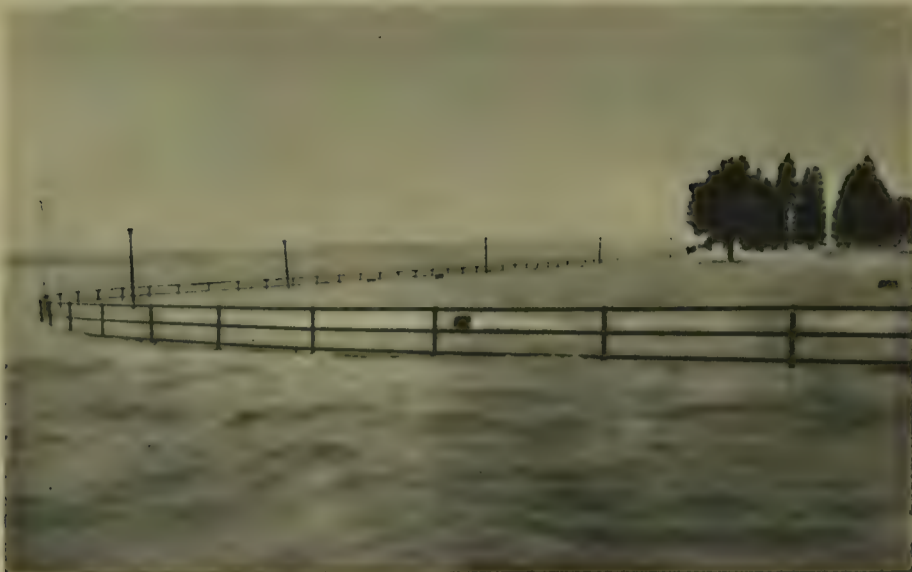
Illustrations from the book "Balmoral: The History of a Home"; reproduced by Courtesy of the Publisher, Collins.

by Charles Edward's brother, Cardinal York; and she considered herself, and rightly considered herself, as Queen of both England and Scotland. Had that wise man, her beloved husband, lived, he might have suggested a Balmoral in Ireland: but the politicians seem to have had little understanding of the emotions. Mr. Gladstone could make superb perorations about the woes of Ireland; but did he ever take a house there?

Why do I wander thus? Merely because Mr. Brown provokes me. The young Victoria, gay and natural

\* "Balmoral. The History of a Home." By Ivor Brown. Illustrated. (Collins; 18s.)

## DISASTER STRIKES THE NORTH-EASTERN UNITED STATES: FLOOD SCENES.



TRANSFORMED INTO AN INLAND SEA BY THE RAIN-SWELLED WATERS OF THE POTOMAC RIVER: A SCENE IN EAST POTOMAC PARK AT HAINS POINT, WASHINGTON.



AT UXBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS: A MOTORIST (RIGHT, CENTRE) BEING PULLED THROUGH THE FLOOD WATER AFTER HE HAD BEEN TRAPPED IN HIS CAR. (Radio photograph.)



AFTER A POWER FAILURE ENDANGERED POLIO VICTIMS: ELECTRICIANS PUTTING AN EMERGENCY GENERATOR INTO ACTION AT HAYNES MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, BROOKLINE.



FROGMEN TO THE RESCUE: A WOMAN BEING SAVED FROM HER FLOODED HOME AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOOD TERROR AFTER THE TORRENTIAL RAINS.



TAKING A MAN TO SAFETY WHILE ANOTHER AWAITS HIS TURN AT A TOP WINDOW: A HELICOPTER RESCUING PEOPLE AT SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA.



RESCUE FROM THE SKIES: A HELICOPTER ABOUT TO DESCEND AND SAVE SOME FACTORY WORKERS STRANDED ON A ROOF IN NAUGATUCK, CONNECTICUT.

The north-eastern United States were lucky enough to escape hurricane *Connie* but disaster struck on August 19 from another direction. In the wake of hurricane *Diane* torrential rain fell for nearly 48 hours and caused what is reported to be the worst flooding of this century in nine American States. All the way from Virginia

to Vermont the raging waters wrecked bridges, dams and buildings, turned streets into rivers and caused at least 165 deaths. Aircraft from Army, Navy and Coastguard stations dropped supplies to stricken communities. At Easton, Pennsylvania, the Delaware River was 15. ft. above flood-level—nearly 39 ft. high.



DURING THE WORST FLOODS EXPERIENCED THIS CENTURY IN NINE AMERICAN STATES: THE SWOLLEN BLACKSTONE RIVER RAGING INTO THE MILL SECTION OF THE CITY OF PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND.

Those who experienced the horror of the floods on our own east coast in 1953 will be able to judge from the above photograph and those on the facing page something of the disaster which hit the north-eastern United States when floods followed the torrential rain of August 19. Thirty-one women and children were drowned in one summer camp in the Pocono mountains, near Stroudsburg, when the waters of a creek rose suddenly overnight. Helicopters, described as "the new work-horses of flood rescues," did valuable work picking up stranded people from roof-tops and elsewhere. In nine States there were reports of floating houses, ruined factories, washed out roads, bridges and railway lines. Connecticut, South

Carolina, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Rhode Island were all declared major disaster areas by President Eisenhower, and were thus entitled to emergency Federal aid. At the time of writing it is thought that the damage to property may prove to be the worst in a flood disaster in American history. Among the distressed States Pennsylvania suffered the most grievously, at least seventy-four people being reported dead and many missing. Several cities were without electricity or drinking water. New York City escaped unscathed as the main downpour was farther to the west and north. In New York State, Port Jervis and its environs were declared a disaster area by Governor Harriman.

## A WEEK-END OF HORROR IN NORTH AFRICA: SCENES OF MOB RIOTING.



THE disturbances in French North Africa reached their peak of bloodshed and destruction on August 20 and 21, one of the blackest week-ends in French colonial history. It was anticipated that this, the second anniversary of the deposition of Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, would provoke widespread Nationalist demonstrations, but the terrible events which occurred have shocked the whole of the civilised world. In the Department of Constantine, in Algeria, terrorists mounted a series of planned and co-ordinated attacks. On August 20, fanatical tribesmen swept down from the hills, stormed the small Moroccan town of Oued Zem, and massacred fifty Europeans, including women and children. Cutting telephone wires and blocking roads, they ensured that Oued Zem was effectively sealed off from possible help while they ran through the streets, killing, mutilating and destroying as they went. When troops of the Foreign Legion finally reached the town, it was to find heart-rending piles of burning and mutilated corpses and immense damage. At Khenifra, among those brutally murdered were four French journalists. The total casualties during the week-end of terror amount to at least 900.



(1) WRECKED CARS FORMING A BARRIER IN THE MOROCCAN TOWN OF KHENIFRA DURING THE RIOTING OF AUGUST 20 AND 21: CROWDS ATTACKED THE EUROPEAN QUARTER, CAUSING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. (2) FRENCH TROOPS MARCHING PRISONERS THROUGH OUED ZEM WHILE CLEARING THE TOWN AFTER THE HORRIBLE MASSACRE OF THE PREVIOUS DAY. (3) BRANDISHING STICKS, KNIVES AND OTHER WEAPONS, RIOTERS AT KHENIFRA MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS. FOUR FRENCH JOURNALISTS WERE AMONG THOSE WHO WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED HERE BY THE MOB. (4) PETROL-SOAKED CORPSES STILL BURNING IN THE STREETS OF OUED ZEM. MORE THAN FIFTY EUROPEANS ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN MASSACRED WHEN FANATICAL TRIBESMEN SWEEPED INTO THE TOWN AND INSTIGATED A BRIEF REIGN OF TERROR. (5) HEAPED CORPSES AND BROKEN BUILDINGS MARKING THE PATH OF THE TERRORISTS: A SCENE AT OUED ZEM AFTER THE MASSACRE.

# FROM FAR AND NEAR: SOME NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



**CAUSE OF A PROTEST: THE SPECIAL SUNDAY FERRY BETWEEN SKYE AND THE MAINLAND, WHICH IS SAID TO BE "DESECRATING THE SABBATH."**  
A Sunday ferry between Skye and the mainland, which has been introduced by British Railways for the benefit of London coach parties who must leave Skye on Sundays to maintain their touring schedule, is said, by the local people, to be desecrating the Sabbath, and they have launched a protest.



**DURING THE NATIONAL SURF LIFE SAVING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BUDE: THE LOCAL TEAM ABOUT TO GIVE A DEMONSTRATION ON CROOKLETS BEACH.**  
During the recent National Surf Life Saving Championships at Bude, in Cornwall, these girl members of the Bude Surf Life Saving Association gave a demonstration of rescue work on Crooklets Beach. Thousands of holidaymakers, many of them bathers, watched the demonstration with interest.



**IN KOREA: U.S. TROOPS USING WATER HOSES TO BEAT BACK SOUTH KOREAN DEMONSTRATORS ON THE CAUSEWAY CONNECTING THE MAINLAND TO WOLMI ISLAND.**  
South Koreans demonstrating in Inchon against the continued presence of the Polish and Czech members of the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission had repeated clashes in mid-August with American soldiers on the causeway connecting the mainland to Wolmi Island, where the Commission is housed.



**RECENTLY UNCOVERED ON THE KOWLOON SIDE OF HONG KONG HARBOUR: AN ANCIENT CHINESE TOMB WHICH ATTRACTED MANY LOCAL SIGHTSEERS.**  
On August 9 an ancient Chinese tomb was uncovered by excavators on the Kowloon side of Hong Kong Harbour. Professor F. S. Drake, the sinologist, said that the domed ceiling suggested the style of the sixth century, but that various characters found on pottery indicated an earlier date.



**TRANSPORTING SECTIONS OF A HUGE STATUE OF CHRIST TO BE ERECTED IN THE ITALIAN ALPS: ONE OF A PARTY SELECTED FROM THE ALPINE MILITARY SCHOOL.**

Twenty-five members of the Alpine Military School in Aosta, Northern Italy, were specially selected for the incredible task of transporting to the Balmenhorn summit a 12-ft.-high statue of Christ, cast in seventeen pieces. The 12,489-ft. Balmenhorn peak is near the Franco-Italian border, and the statue, the work of



**PLACING THE HEAD OF THE STATUE IN POSITION. THE STATUE WILL ASSUME A COMMANDING ASPECT ON THE BALMENHORN SUMMIT IN THE ALPS.**

Signor Alfredo Bai, will be known as "Christ of the Peaks," and will be dedicated to the victims of the mountains. It was transported by lorry and mules on the first stages of its journey, and the Alpine troops took over the final task. It is due to be ceremonially inaugurated next month.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### FURTHER NOTES ON RHINOCEROS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT was on this page on May 7 last that I committed myself to the opinion that without its horn a rhinoceros would be ill-protected, and that its teeth are useful only for feeding. That seemed to me a reasonable enough assumption. In fact, I suppose we may say it is the accepted view that the horn of a rhinoceros is a weapon of some sort, of offence or defence, or both. Such a view is further supported by the absence of canine teeth, which usually furnish the fangs or tusks. Admittedly my acquaintance with rhinoceroses in a belligerent mood is limited to seeing brief camera shots of them charging. However, so far as one out of the five living species is concerned, the truth appears to be that the horn is seldom used in offence or defence. For this information I am indebted to Mr. E. P. Gee, and I am glad to have the opportunity of passing on what seem to me his particularly interesting observations. Mr. Gee, writing from Assam, describes himself as an "amateur" field naturalist who has spent twenty years studying the habits of the rhinoceros, particularly the great Indian rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros unicornis*).

I described the great Indian rhinoceros as living in jungle. My information now is that "it lives almost entirely in grassy, swampy areas." I also described it as on the verge of extinction—again my information was from standard sources—but Mr. Gee tells me that his latest estimate, based on personal observation in Bengal and Assam, and on hearsay for Nepal, is as follows: for Nepal 48 (?), for Bihar (near Nepal) 2, for Bengal 43, for Assam 347, making a total of 440. Moreover, this rhino is very strictly protected by law in Bengal and Assam, wherever it is found, and the State Governments of Bengal

scrap with each other. These cuts are generally on the shoulders, neck, etc., and even the ears are often torn with this biting."

Some of the original reports on which this generalisation is based, as well as many valuable notes on the breeding, life-histories and habits of the

inflicted an injury on the man with one of its lower tushes, causing a gash 6 ins. long on the thigh."

Two other instances are also worth recounting. Both were reported by an Assistant Conservator of Forests in the Laokhowa Reserve. The first victim was an Assistant Forester who, in the course of his duties, found himself face to face with a full-grown rhino. "... he [the Assistant Forester] was pacing backwards, fixing his eyes on the rhino, which was so long looking at him curiously; and hardly had he paced back about six steps when the rhino rushed forward and pushed at his right knee with his mouth. After two pushes, the Assistant Forester fell down on his buttocks on the thatchy ground. He raised his two legs and kicked at the rhino's mouth and at the same time screamed out. The rhino paused for a moment and then walked back about 15 ft. from the forester. Thinking that the rhino had left, the forester got up instantly to run. But lo, the rhino stopped and looked back when it saw that the fellow had got up and the rhino again rushed him. Surprisingly enough, this time also he knocked the Assistant Forester on the same knee and got him down. . . ."

The second incident, also described in the words of the Assistant Conservator of Forests, tells how, in the same reserve, on another day, two men were cutting thatch. "A rhino's path in the forest is

just like a footpath. You can quite easily go on such a path, even if it is in a very dense, thatchy area. The men were cutting thatch just near a rhino's path. They could hear nothing, as the sickle made a sound with the thatch which could easily submerge other sound. They were engrossed in their work cutting the thatch, leaning forward with their haunches up, when suddenly they got a tremendous knock on the buttocks and both of them fell on their faces. . . ."

In a subsequent letter, dated July 28, 1955, Mr. Gee tells me: "There was recently another case of a rhino using its tushes (and not its horn) in attack. An enraged mother rhino left its small calf and charged one of the elephants which were being ridden by some visitors. It chased one of the elephants and easily caught up. Galloping alongside, it gashed the elephant's flank with one of its tushes, making a wound 1½ ft. long and 2 ins. deep. The incident was observed by several people. The horn was not used at all. The reason for one gash, and not two,



PRECEDED BY HER YOUNGSTER: A FEMALE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS MAKING HER WAY ALONG ONE OF THE RHINO PATHS THROUGH A GRASSY AREA IN ASSAM.

great Indian rhinoceros, are contained in accounts contributed by Mr. Gee to the "Journal" of the Bombay Natural History Society (Vol. 51 (2), p. 341, and Vol. 51 (4)). The first of these, for February 7, 1953, tells of E. R. Dungan taking ciné shots of two rhino, known locally as *Romeo* and *Juliet*. The pair were playing, courting and chasing one another. With Mr. Dungan were two companions, one of them the Assistant Conservator of Forests. We are not told whether it was a Montague or a Capulet which started the trouble on this occasion, but one of them, *Romeo* or *Juliet*, suddenly started



EMERGING FROM A STREAM: THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS (*RHINOCEROS UNICORNIS*), SHOWING THE ARMOURD APPEARANCE WHICH IS SO CHARACTERISTIC A FEATURE OF THIS SPECIES. THIS RHINO IS STRICTLY PROTECTED IN BENAL AND ASSAM.

and Assam, as well as the Government of India, are very strict in the matter of its preservation. In the Kaziranga Sanctuary of Assam, especially, it is actually increasing, and the latest estimate of its numbers there (included in the total given above) is that these are not less than 250.

The very appearance of a well-developed and well-kept rhinoceros horn is alone sufficient to suggest a deadly weapon. The upper part, especially, is flattened, pointed and sword-like and, in the natural state, is kept beautifully polished. It is this habit of polishing the horn, by rubbing it on any convenient hard surface, that leads presumably to the zoo-kept animals rubbing it down to a mere stump—the excessive use of a natural habit induced by the boredom of captivity, possibly. At all events, Mr. Gee is quite categorical that in offence and defence, the rhinoceroses "use the tushes in the lower jaw which are very sharp (also, to a lesser extent, the tushes in the upper jaw) and do their fighting and attacking, and defence, chiefly by biting. This has been observed several times, and can be seen by the gashes, uts and tears on the upper parts of the bodies of rhino themselves when they

chasing the Assistant Conservator, a young man, who "ran as fast as he could over the dry ground, but the rhino put on a sudden burst of speed and easily caught up. With the impact of the nose and mouth on the shoulder of the A.C.F., the latter fell headlong and broke his collarbone. The rhino then quietly departed without attempting further pursuit."

Another incident reported is of a villager who had placed some fish-lines in the shallow stream forming the southern boundary of the sanctuary. "One day he was inspecting these fish-lines. While his dug-out boat was being pushed through the thick water hyacinth it actually struck a rhino which was resting unobserved in the water. The rhino rose up, put its foot through the bottom of the boat and



IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT: THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS LEAVING A FAVOURITE WALLOW IN A GRASSY, SWAMPY AREA.

The natural habitat of the great Indian rhinoceros is the grassy and swampy areas of India and Assam. It is sometimes said that this rhinoceros inhabits jungle, but as Mr. E. P. Gee points out (quoted by Dr. Burton in his article on this page) this is not so. Mr. Gee is a member of the Executive Committee of the Indian Board for Wild Life and Honorary Regional Secretary for the Eastern Region of the Indian Board for Wild Life.

Copyright photographs by E. P. Gee, of Assam.

is that the rhino was galloping alongside and had to turn its head towards the elephant, and so only one tush came into contact. The head at this oblique angle making only one gash may have led many people to believe formerly that the horn was used, whereas the tushes were used, only one doing the injury."



**JUST A WHALE OF A MOUTHFUL: TWO SMALL VISITORS TO THE LONDON ZOO EXPLORING THE CAVERNOUS JAWS OF THE HUGE MODEL OF A SPERM WHALE'S HEAD IN THE CURRENT WHALING EXHIBITION.**

This plastic and rubber model of a sperm whale's head, one-third larger than life, which is the centre-piece of the London Zoo's current whaling exhibition, has proved a great attraction this summer, particularly to young visitors. The head was made originally for "Moby Dick," a film based on Herman Melville's novel, and when it was no longer needed it was presented to the Zoo, where it was

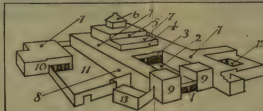
reassembled with its huge jaws resting on a shallow pond. The whaling exhibition, which was opened in May by the Norwegian Ambassador, Mr. Prebensen, is spread over a large paddock opposite the Lion House. The exhibits include implements, old and modern, used in the whaling industry, photographs of whaling scenes and replicas of the small open boats still used for whaling by the Portuguese.



IN the Third Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, Telemachus, the son of Odysseus, has left Ithaca in search of news of his father and, accompanied by the goddess Athene (disguised as a human, Mentor), arrives at Pylos, the citadel of the old and war-heroing, Nestor, son of Neleus, tamer of horses. Here they find the people sacrificing bulls to Poseidon, the sea-god, on the shore; and Nestor gives Telemachus hospitality, advice and fast horses and a chariot, with the company of his son Pisistratus, for the next stage of his journey. In this book of the *Odyssey* this hospitality, generous and urbane, is described; and a picture of a Homeric royal household, with its kinsmen and retainers, domestic animals and ceremonious religious rituals, emerges. The nature of the life is apparent: what manner of palace was it lived in? Of recent years, as described by

#### KEY TO THE DRAWING OF A HOMERIC PALACE

1. Main entrance.
2. Sacrificial courtyard.
3. Peristyle.
4. Vestibule.
5. Throne room, with Royal apartments above.



6. Chimney for ceremonial hearth in throne room.
7. Roof terraces.
8. Pastures and domestic quarters.
9. Gate towers with archway room.
10. Two rooms of state.
11. Courtyard.
12. Women's quarters (conjectural).
13. Stabling (conjectural).

(Continued.) Professor Blegen in our issue of January 16, 1954, excavations have revealed at Pylos a great palace which was destroyed by fire about 1200 B.C. and never subsequently inhabited. It is of such a style and size that it could only have been a Royal dwelling; and the only Royal family known for that part of the Peloponnese was that of the Neleids, of which Nestor was the most distinguished member. Last summer our artist visited Pylos and made a number of drawings there; and from these and from Professor Blegen's plan has made this reconstruction drawing. It is not claimed as a fully-authenticated reconstruction of a particular building; but it is intended rather as a most probable Homeric palace, set on a known site and to a ground plan, most of which has been established; and of a style and manner of building supported by the remains already discovered.

THE PALACE OF A HOMERIC HERO: A RECONSTRUCTION BASED ON

THE EXCAVATIONS AT PYLOS, WHERE TELEMACHUS SOUGHT NESTOR'S ADVICE, WHEN LOOKING FOR HIS FATHER, ODYSSEUS.

Specially drawn for "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" by ALAN SORRELL.

## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**ELECTED PRESIDENT OF SYRIA:**  
**MR. SHUKRI EL KUWATLI.**

An ex-President of Syria, Mr. Shukri el Kuwatli, was elected President for the third time on August 18. He will serve for a term of five years. First elected in 1943 and re-elected in 1948, he was overthrown by the late Colonel Husni Zaim in 1949 and forced to leave the country. He returned to Syria only last month.



**A LAW SOCIETY PAST-PRESIDENT DIES: SIR A. C. MORGAN.**

A past-President of the Law Society, Sir Arthur Morgan died at Winchester on August 18, aged seventy-seven. He became a solicitor in 1903 and was elected to the Council of the Law Society in 1925, becoming its treasurer, its vice-president, and lastly its president in 1944-45. He was knighted in 1945.



**DIED, AGED EIGHTY-SEVEN:**

**MILICENT DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.**

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who died in Biarritz on August 20, was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn. Beautiful and gifted, and a great social figure, she was also associated with much charitable work; and directed a Red Cross front-line ambulance in World War I. She wrote a play and several books. She is shown as she was in 1911.



**DIED IN A HEROIC RESCUE BID:**  
**DR. M. C. BAKER.**

An action described by the coroner as "in the finest traditions of the medical profession" led to the death on August 17 of Dr. Mark Gregory Baker, who made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to rescue two men who were overcome by petrol fumes at the bottom of a well in Derbyshire. Dr. Baker was forty-one.



**JOINT AWARD TO A ROCKET EXPERT: SIR ALWYN CROW.**

The Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors announced on August 16 a recommendation for an *ex-gratia* joint award of £5000 to three leading rocket scientists—Sir Alwyn Crow, Director and Controller of Projectile Development during the war; Mr. W. R. J. Cook and Dr. H. J. Poole, for an important invention.



**CELEBRATING THE END OF AN EXCITING TEST RUBBER:**  
**THE TWO OPPOSING CRICKET CAPTAINS.**

The fifth Test at the Oval, which was won by England on August 17, brought to an end the present series against South Africa, England winning the rubber by three games to two. After the game, both captains complimented their opponents upon a hard-fought and absorbing series, and at the ensuing celebrations the iced cake was cut jointly by South Africa's captain, J. E. Cheetham (left) and by P. B. H. May, who captained England.



**BOWLED SUSSEX TO A CRICKET VICTORY:**  
**MR. R. MARLAR.**

The Sussex captain, R. Marlars, aged twenty-four, brought his county a splendid victory over Lancashire at Hove on Aug. 19 by taking nine wickets for 46 runs. A first-innings analysis of six for 73 gave him finally fifteen wickets for 119 runs.



**A HAMPSHIRE BOWLER'S REMARKABLE FEAT:**  
**MR. D. SHACKLETON.**

Playing for his county, Hampshire, against Somerset on Aug. 17 and 18, D. Shackleton, thirty-one, the fast-medium bowler, took eight wickets for 4 runs in Somerset's first innings and six for 25 in their second.



**A NEW APPOINTMENT:**  
**MR. R. O. FREEMAN.**

Mr. R. O. Freeman, since 1952 Assistant Director, Guided Weapons Production, is appointed Director and promoted Director (Engineer). He joined the Royal Ordnance Factory, Woolwich, in 1914.



**A NEW APPOINTMENT:**  
**MR. J. E. P. DUNNING.**

The Ministry of Supply have announced the appointment of Mr. J. E. P. Dunning as Director of Engine Research and Development II. He has also been promoted Deputy Chief Scientific Officer.



**THE ARCHITECTS OF ENGLAND'S TEST VICTORY AT THE OVAL: J. LAKER (LEFT) AND G. A. R. LOCK.**

Set to get 244 runs to win the last Test match and the rubber, South Africa collapsed against the spin bowling of the Surrey and England cricketers, Laker and Lock, at the Oval on August 17, and were all out for 151. In the vital second innings, Laker's off-spin bowling took five wickets for 56 runs, and Lock's left-arm leg-breaks took four wickets for 62. Their performance recalled a similar feat they achieved against the Australians during the Oval test of 1953.



**GREETED AT SINGAPORE BY THE CHIEF MINISTER, MR. MARSHALL (LEFT) AND THE GOVERNOR, SIR ROBERT BLACK (CENTRE): THE COLONIAL SECRETARY, MR. LENNOX-BOYD.**

Arriving in Singapore on August 15 on his second visit in two weeks, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, was met at the airport by the Singapore Chief Minister, Mr. David Marshall, and the Governor, Sir Robert Black. Mr. Lennox-Boyd's task was to settle the constitutional crisis arising over a disagreement between the Governor and the Chief Minister on the interpretation of the existing constitution. After talks, Mr. Marshall announced that he was "most satisfied."



**DIED ON AUGUST 17:**  
**M. FERNAND LÉGER.**

M. Fernand Léger, French painter (b. 1881), was trained as an architectural draughtsman; by 1911 was exhibiting as a Cubist. The Tate Gallery held a Léger exhibition in 1950; and last winter London saw a retrospective exhibition of his work.



**CONGRATULATING THE WINNER AND RUNNER-UP IN THE INTERNATIONAL CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE: MR. BUTLIN (CENTRE), WHO ORGANISED THE ANNUAL EVENT.**

This year's annual International Channel swimming race started from Gris Nez early on August 15 and was won, after a tremendous struggle, by Abdel Latif Abu Heif, of Egypt (left), who was followed ashore only eighteen minutes later by Thomas Park, of the U.S.A. (right). Heif's time for the crossing was 11 hours 44 mins., Park's 12 hours 2 mins. Their prizes, £500 and £250 respectively, were presented to them later by the organiser of the event, Mr. Billy Butlin.

## ROYAL STALLHOLDERS ON DEESIDE: THE QUEEN MOTHER'S SALE OF WORK.



WATCHED BY PRINCESS ANNE AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: THE QUEEN ARRANGING STOCK AT THE ABERGELDIE CASTLE SALE OF WORK.



SURROUNDED BY A PRESS OF CUSTOMERS EAGER TO MAKE A PURCHASE FROM HER MAJESTY: THE QUEEN AS A SALESWOMAN AT THE QUEEN MOTHER'S SALE OF WORK FOR CRATHIE CHURCH.



STUDIES OF ONE OF THE ROYAL SALESWOMEN IN ACTION: PRINCESS MARGARET'S EXPRESSIONS AS SHE ASSISTED THE QUEEN AND THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE ROYAL STALL AT THE SALE OF WORK ON AUGUST 20; AND (RIGHT) HER ROYAL HIGHNESS CAREFULLY PACKING UP A CHILD'S TOY WHICH SHE HAD SOLD.



DOING A BRISK TRADE AT HER STALL, WHICH WAS STOCKED WITH A VARIETY OF FANCY GOODS, MANY OF WHICH SHE HAD HERSELF PRESENTED: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.



PRINCESS MARGARET AS A SALESWOMAN: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS HANDING OVER AN OBJECT SHE HAD SOLD, AND WITH THE MONEY WHICH HAD BEEN PAID FOR IT IN HER OTHER HAND.

The informality of the life of the Royal family when on holiday in Scotland was illustrated by the sale of work organised by the Queen Mother in the grounds of Abergeldie Castle, three miles from Balmoral, in aid of a new vestry for Crathie Parish Church. It was the first Royal sale of work on Deeside for twenty-two years; was attended by over 3000 people; and resulted in £2200 being raised. Nine tents were arranged in front of the Castle and as soon as the Royal saleswomen

were in place behind the table in one, the public were admitted, and surged forward. The Queen Mother was assisted by the Queen and Princess Margaret, and the Royal children, who sold postcards and heather, and by members of the Household. The Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Sophie and Prince George of Hanover and Prince Michael of Kent did a brisk trade in another tent in grouse, venison and tinned goods. When the stalls were cleared the Royal party left by car.



which come, by one means or another, to settle in one's garden. To qualify as good colonists they must be attractive, desirable or useful, and they must behave themselves. But it is not enough for a plant to settle down in a garden, and just stay-put, without increasing and multiplying, to qualify as a colonist. Such a plant is not a colonist, but a mere visitor, or, at any rate, not a good colonist. A good colonist pays attention to the important question of population. On the other hand, a plant colonist may pay too much attention to that vital duty, and so become a bad colonist—an infernal nuisance.

In many cases a plant's behaviour in the garden depends largely upon such conditions as the nature of the soil and the climate. It depends, too, in some gardens, upon how busy the owner is with the hoe. I have known gardens in which certain rare, valuable, beautiful and usually difficult plants seeded freely and surrounded themselves with countless promising young seedling colonials, innocents which were slaughtered because the owner was a perfect Herod with the hoe.

In a recent article I wrote of the bad behaviour of the Welsh poppy, *Meconopsis cambrica*, in my garden. A few specimens of this lovely British native which I planted in two beds under the north wall of my house took charge, rather as rabbits took charge in Australia, and within a year or two were smothering their betters, *Hepaticas* and other delights, out of existence. Obviously a plant to introduce with caution, to situations in which its fecundity is an asset, but situations from which it cannot easily escape. I know a delightful colony of the Welsh poppy, which has flourished for years in the gravel of a wide path at the foot of a wall.

One of the best plant colonists that I know is that charming little Alpine, *Erinus alpinus*. More than twenty years ago I planted a few small seedlings of *Erinus* on a miniature rock garden in an exceptionally large stone sink which I had had cut. The rock is that wonderfully porous lime formation, tufa. There *Erinus* settled in, seeded about, and colonised in the rock crevices in the most charmingly well-mannered way imaginable, and there it has remained, generation after generation of discreet seedlings ever since. Only occasionally has a seedling sprung up to interfere with some frailer, choicer neighbour, and then it was a simple matter to lift it out, gently but firmly, at the point of the widger.

*Erinus* is an ideal plant to colonise on any wall old and crumbly enough to support vegetation. A few seeds broadcast on likely, mossy parts of the wall are enough to found a colony which will last as long as the wall itself, and provide an annual early summer mantle of the gay little flowers—pink, white, lilac or carmine—on those neat little plants, for as long as you yourself are likely to last. I have never visited Hadrian's Wall in Northumberland, but I am told that *Erinus alpinus* grows abundantly in the crevices of the stonework. I have heard it suggested that the seeds of *Erinus* came there with building material imported from Italy by the Roman builders. That seems to me a just possible improbability. Anyway, the Roman colonists have long since departed, leaving some excellent roads up and down and across the country, and endless occupation, thrills and interests for generations of archaeologists. Incidentally, too,

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### GOOD COLONISTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

they have left me a secret dread: the thought of coming upon Roman remains in my garden—the walls of a villa, or a tessellated pavement, shall we say, is too terrible to contemplate. Inevitably there would be an invasion of learned "diggers," and all roads for miles around would lead "to the Roman Remains," with notices at every road junction announcing the fact. If such a discovery should occur in my garden may it be made by me, and me alone, so that I could

Age—or of a satellite town.

*Aquilegia Hensol* Harebell is a truly beautiful plant capable of colonising in suitable conditions. In a small spinney

of larch and silver birch which I planted on the north side of my garden in Hertfordshire, I put in a few plants of this columbine in the rough grass between the young trees which had reached a height of 15 or 20 ft., and a year or two later I was delighted to find a strong colony of dozens of hearty seedlings, up and flowering. The plants grew to a height of a couple of feet, and in colour they exactly matched some bluebells which I had planted near by. Their spread was due to the fact that one does not go hoeing about among the rough grass in a spinney. In a herbaceous border they would have seeded about, but remained childless. Few gardeners seem to realise that, deadly though the hoe may be among weeds, it is a sad contraceptive where self-seeding garden flowers are concerned.

*Myosotis rupicola*, that rare British Alpine forget-me-not, is a most willing colonist when given suitable conditions in the rock garden, especially the miniature sink and trough garden. It has been seeding about and maintaining itself for many years on one or two of my sink rock gardens, especially those built of tufa. It is a true Alpine plant, forming a low rosette 3 or 4 ins. across of rather dark leaves, and

when first coming into flower in early summer, forms a brilliant mass of deep sapphire forget-me-not blossoms no more than an inch above the leaves. Then gradually the stems lengthen until the flower-heads unfurl in true forget-me-not fashion, reaching a maximum height of 4 or 5 ins. The plant is best in rather poor soil in narrow rock crevices. There it retains its true Alpine dwarfness, and, at the same time, proves a good perennial with an "expectation of life" of several years. Grown in full-bodied loam, it loses its characteristic hard-bitten dwarfness, and is apt to succumb early to too good living. *Hepaticas* make good colonists in soil situations which suit them, and will seed about successfully if not harried by the hoe or worried by the widger. Too often, however, their seedlings are slaughtered at birth by too assiduous good gardening and over-cultivation. It is the same with the hardy cyclamen, especially *C. neapolitanum*, but this fortunately escapes the hoe, and so produces colonies of young, owing to being often planted in the sort of situation that suits it best—among thin grass and other light herbage, under trees.

The various forms of our own native wood *Anemone nemorosa*, the double white, and such blue-flowered varieties as *A. n. robinsoniana* and *A. n. allenii*, make grand colonists, spreading by an underground root system rather than by self-sown seeds, and as they enjoy much the same half-shady conditions as

*Hepaticas* and the hardy cyclamen, they usually stand a good chance of being left well alone. One of the very best places for both the cyclamen and the wood anemones is ground under hazelnuts or cobs, which is carpeted with the small-leaved ivy. Such a perfect setting does this make for these and other plants, such as snowdrops, winter aconites, and many other enchantingly simple flowers, that it is well worth while creating such a land for colonisation in the garden, by planting a few cobnuts—even three will give wonderful scope if planted at a reasonable distance apart, say, 8 to 10 ft. And, quite apart from the flower beauty in spring and summer, think of the cobnuts or filberts in autumn!



"AN IDEAL PLANT TO COLONISE ON ANY WALL OLD AND CRUMBLY ENOUGH TO SUPPORT VEGETATION": THE CHARMING LITTLE ALPINE *ERINUS ALPINUS* WHICH MR. ELLIOTT DESCRIBES AS ONE OF THE BEST PLANT COLONISTS HE KNOWS.



"THE VARIOUS FORMS OF OUR OWN NATIVE WOOD *ANEMONE NEMOROSA* . . . MAKE GRAND COLONISTS, SPREADING BY AN UNDERGROUND ROOT SYSTEM RATHER THAN BY SELF-SOWN SEEDS": *ANEMONE NEMOROSA ROBINSONIANA*, A BLUE-FLOWERED VARIETY.

Photographs by Reginald A. Malby.

hastily fill in and hide every trace of evidence, and so hug the secret to myself. *Erinus alpinus* is likely to prove a far more permanent colonist on Hadrian's Wall than the Romans in Britain. Such a plant growing on such a congenial site is safe for all time, barring, of course, the advent of another Ice

#### AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

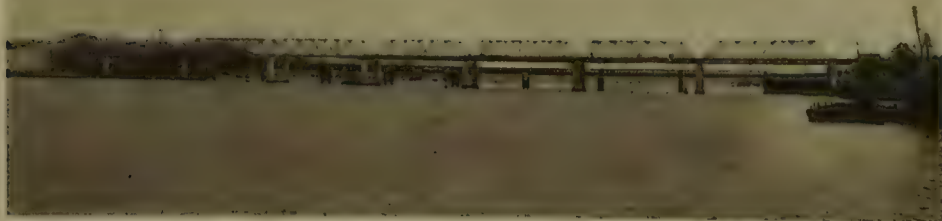
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# AT HOME AND ABROAD: NEWS OF LAND AND SEA EVENTS.



LINKING TWO SYDNEY SUBURBS ACROSS AN ARM OF THE PARRAMATTA RIVER: THE NEW IRON COVE BRIDGE, A THIRD OF A MILE LONG.

On July 30, the Premier of New South Wales, Mr. Cahill, officially opened the new Iron Cove Bridge, linking the Sydney suburbs of Drummoyne and Rozelle across an arm of the Parramatta River. It has taken ten years to build, is a third of a mile long, over 44 ft. wide, and carries four lanes of traffic.



LAUNCHING A LARGE SHIP INTO A SMALL SPACE: THE 31,000-TON TANKER VOLA (RIGHT) ALMOST SPANNING THE RIVER TYNE.

When the 660-ft.-long Shell tanker *Vola* was launched from Hawthorn, Leslie and Co.'s yard at Hebburn-on-Tyne on August 18 there was only 150 ft. of water to spare—the Tyne at this point is only 810 ft. across. Nine anchors restrained the ship as she slid into the river in a perfect launching.



BEGINNING THE INTERNATIONAL NINE-HOUR RACE AT GOODWOOD: THE ULTIMATE WINNER WAS AN ASTON MARTIN, FRONT RIGHT IN THE ABOVE PICTURE.

The British Automobile Racing Club's nine-hour race at Goodwood was won on August 20 by Peter Walker and Dennis Poore in an Aston Martin. It is the third time in succession that an Aston Martin has won this event. M. Keen was killed during the race when his car overturned.



STILL DRAPED BY A TATTERED TENT: ONE OF THE 30-TON CHARIOTEER TANKS WHICH BROKE LOOSE ON SALISBURY PLAIN, KILLING FIVE AND INJURING OTHERS.

Four young soldiers asleep in their tents were killed and four others injured when two 30-ton *Charioteer* tanks rolled from their parking place and crashed into a Territorial Army camp on Salisbury Plain on August 18. One of the injured soldiers has since died.



COMMEMORATING THE EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS, THE ORIGINAL NORMAN SETTLERS, FROM NOVA SCOTIA: 10,000 PEOPLE AT THE BICENTENARY CELEBRATIONS. Two hundred years ago the British expelled from Nova Scotia the Acadians, descendants of Norman peasants, who had settled in the Maritime Provinces and refused to accept British sovereignty. This year, bicentenary celebrations of the event were held at Grande Pré, Nova Scotia.



COMING ALONGSIDE THE SWEDISH SHIP KUNGSHOLM IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC: PART OF THE CREW RESCUED BY LAUNCH FROM THE BURNING ARGOBEAM.

Most of the crew of the British ship *Argobeam* (7133 tons) were taken off by the Swedish *Kungsholm* after a fire in her engine room had left the *Argobeam* crippled. The Captain and Chief Officer stayed aboard until rising water in the engine room forced them to abandon her.



REMOVING BOXES OF ARMS STOLEN BY THE I.R.A.: POLICE OFFICERS AT THE DERELICT SHOP IN ISLINGTON WHERE THE CACHE WAS DISCOVERED.

All the arms and ammunition stolen by members of the Irish Republican Army from a Berkshire R.E.M.E. depot on August 13 were recovered, mostly from a derelict shop in Caledonian Road, which was raided by the police on August 16. The guns were packed in boxes, awaiting removal by members of the I.R.A.

## SCOTLAND, AMERICA AND THE SAAR: MILITARY MATTERS, AND RIOTS.



(LEFT.)  
"ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY WEAPONS SYSTEMS EVER DEvised BY MAN": ONE OF THE U.S. ARMY Nike (GUIDED WEAPON) BATTALIONS NOW STATIONED IN VITAL AREAS OF AMERICA.

The Nike, a "supersonic rocket" with an electronic "brain" that tracks down its target after launching, is designed to destroy it in spite of evasive action. The number of Nike battalions, stationed in vital areas of the United States, is to be doubled in the near future.

(RIGHT.)  
A NEW ADDITION TO THE U.S. MARINE CORPS' ARSENAL OF CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS: THE Ontos ANTI-TANK VEHICLE TO BE BUILT AT THE ALLIS-CHALMERS PLANT UNDER A 13,000,000-DOLLAR CONTRACT.

The Ontos anti-tank vehicle, to be added to the U.S. Marine Corps' arsenal of conventional weapons, carries six 106-mm. recoilless guns, and is lightly armoured as it depends on the speed with which its guns can be trained on target, and its high manoeuvrability.



DISPERSING "ANTI-EUROPEAN STATUTE" RIOTERS OUTSIDE A HALL AT ST. INGEBERT, WHERE HERR HOFFMANN WAS SPEAKING ON AUGUST 18: POLICE WITH BATONS.

Disturbed conditions continue in the Saar; and on August 17 police had to use tear gas to break up a crowd trying to storm an assembly hall in Neunkirchen, where Herr Hoffmann, the Saar Chief Minister, was speaking; and on August 18 over 5000 people attacked the hall where he was speaking at St. Ingbert, broke windows and threw stones.



THE DISTURBANCES IN THE SAAR: ANGRY "ANTI-EUROPEAN STATUTE" CROWDS OVERTURNING A POLICE CAR AT NEUNKIRCHEN. ATTEMPTS WERE MADE TO STORM THE HALL WHERE HERR HOFFMANN, THE CHIEF MINISTER OF THE SAAR, WAS SPEAKING IN FAVOUR OF THE PROPOSED MEASURE FOR THE TERRITORY.



THE RIOT AT NEBRASKA STATE PENITENTIARY AT LINCOLN, NEBRASKA: A PALL OF SMOKE HANGING OVER THE BUILDING AFTER IT HAD BEEN FIRED BY REBEL INMATES.

Rebellious prisoners at Nebraska State Penitentiary at Lincoln, Nebraska, went back to their cells on August 17 after the State Governor had issued an ultimatum that they must either yield or face shotgun fire. At one time they set fire to part of the penitentiary.



NEW COLOURS FOR THE 4/7TH BN. THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS (T.A.): THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT, SALUTING THE COLOURS. On August 20 the Duke of Gloucester presented Colours on behalf of the Queen to the 4/7th Bn. The Gordon Highlanders at Aberdeen. Addressing the Battalion, his Royal Highness said: "It is impossible to over-value the services rendered to the country by volunteers like yourselves . . ."

# A DRAGON IN BAVARIA, ATOMS FOR PEACE, AND THE TATTOO IN EDINBURGH.



THE DRACHENSTICH (SLAYING THE DRAGON) FESTIVAL AT FURTH-IM-WALD, BAVARIA: A MODERN REPRESENTATION OF ST. GEORGE SLAYING THE DRAGON.



CROWDING ROUND THE DRAGON AT FURTH-IM-WALD: SOME OF THE VISITORS EXAMINING THE "ANIMAL," WHICH WAS CONSTRUCTED ROUND THE CHASSIS OF A CAR.



THE INTERIOR OF THE DRAGON: THE DRIVER AND THE ASSISTANTS WHO OPERATED THE CREATURE AT THE FURTH-IM-WALD FESTIVAL.  
The dragon for the annual *Drachenstich* (slaying the dragon) festival at Furth-im-Wald, operated by a driver and two assistants, one to work the movable wings, the other to send smoke through the nostrils, was "slain" by the lance of a gallant "St. George," mounted on a horse.



EXHIBITED AT AN "ATOMS FOR PEACE" EXHIBITION AT GENEVA: A U.S. FULL-SCALE OPERATING RESEARCH REACTOR OF THE SWIMMING-POOL TYPE.  
The full-scale operating research reactor of the swimming-pool type designed, built and operated at Geneva by Oak Ridge National Laboratory (which Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation operate for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission), has been sold to the Swiss Government for installation in Switzerland.



THE EDINBURGH TATTOO, A GREAT SPECTACLE AT THE FESTIVAL: THE MASSES PIPE BANDS, REPRESENTING THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH, PLAYING THE SKYE BOAT SONG.  
The Military Tattoo on the Esplanade of the Castle—which is floodlit against the dark sky—mounted by Scottish Command, once again provides a spectacle of incredible splendour in a setting unrivalled for its dramatic beauty. Performances are given nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays.



FROM the point of view of European collectors of pottery and porcelain, the English contribution to the development of ceramics—that is, to the development of early ceramics of the pre-Wedgwood age and before the emergence of the modern pottery industry—is of no great consequence. The standard German work on the subject, for example, if my memory serves me correctly, devotes ten (or is it twenty or thirty?) pages to us and the remaining four or five hundred to the great factories on the Continent. This puts us nearly enough in our place, nor have we any just cause to complain. In porcelain we did little that was particularly world-shattering: we started late, and though early Bow and Chelsea and Worcester are justly renowned for many delicious and entertaining models, they can scarcely claim the originality of either Meissen or Sèvres or of some of the lesser factories. In earthenware and stoneware we have, I suggest, rather more to boast about, though we made nothing quite so lovely in these materials as did a few of the potteries in Italy or France. For example, I can think of nothing from eighteenth-century Staffordshire so fine as the products of Marseilles. None the less, our rustic Staffordshire potters were genuine pioneers, and with their many experiments in soft coloured glazes and various types of body wrote a not-inglorious chapter in the history of



"PAINTED IN BLACK WITH WHITE EYEBALLS, THE REST BARE ORANGE-RED CLAY: A GREEK VESSEL IN THE FORM OF A NEGRO'S HEAD," c. 500 B.C. (Height c. 5½ ins.)

"Ancient Greece provides a wealth of examples of jugs, cups, perfume pots and wine vessels made in the likeness of human beings..." (By courtesy of the British Museum.)

singularly revolting, I shall not be accused of any bias in favour of either author or book. Scared in infancy by something nasty in the woodshed? The unwitting victim of some ancestral horror? Who knows? Whatever the reason, any vessel intended for holding liquid which a potter—Primitive Peruvian or Picasso—shapes as a human, or, for that matter, an animal head, is to me the ultimate end. In this odd prejudice I differ apparently from all other men who, from time immemorial, have taken pleasure in fashioning pots in human shape, as Mr. Eyles shows us in a series of fascinating photographs, the first of which is of a "face-cup" from North Syria made on a

potter's wheel about 1500 B.C. It is of yellowish clay painted in black, and the features were apparently pinched out while the clay was still damp. Picasso more than 3000 years later does just that to a lump of wet clay with a not dissimilar result. Occasionally exceptionally gifted potters will evolve something which seems to me to possess authentic sculptural quality, as did some unknown Greek about 500 B.C. with his vessel in the shape of a negro's head. But here you can easily forget the vessel is intended to hold liquid, because the aperture at the top is so small; your attention is

caught by the fine modelling of the features and is not distracted by other considerations—for example, is this a good shape for the purpose of holding and pouring liquid?

We go on throughout the ages and find all sorts and conditions of men happily putting faces on to jugs, pitchers, mugs, not least our own mediæval ancestors, whose efforts are preserved in most of the museums up and down the country, and ending with the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century stoneware "greybeards" or "bellarmines"—so called by the Protestant people of the Low Countries in derision of the unpopular Cardinal Bellarmine (1542-1621)—which came over in enormous quantities from the Rhineland and were copied at Lambeth, and by John Dwight at Fulham, in the seventeenth century. The Toby jug proper, the familiar squat figure beneath the tricorne hat which I detest so heartily and everyone else loves so much, made its appearance possibly as early as 1750 and certainly not later than 1770. There are several theories as to its origin. One is that it is quite a natural evolution from past history which the Staffordshire potters, hearty drinkers all, embellished with all the graces at their disposal in the way of soft colouring. Another is that the modelling of the best examples is so lovely and accomplished that only one individual could have been responsible—namely, the erratic Frenchman, John Voyez, who did many models of various kinds for many of the pot-house proprietors and who—so the story goes—while employed by Wedgwood, was found modelling a nude figure from Wedgwood's coachman's daughter. Wedgwood told him he should go to the classics for his models; Voyez said nature was better. In due course, the story continues, Voyez was sentenced at Stafford Assizes to three months and a whipping. When he had served his sentence Wedgwood offered to pay him three years' wages on condition that he left the country and did not work for Wedgwood's competitors. Voyez refused and worked for several, including Ralph Wood and Humphrey Palmer. A third suggestion is that the idea was derived from a coarse mezzotint published in 1761 depicting a gross, fat toper called Toby Fillpot, with verses painted beneath.

Others relate the Toby jug to one or other of two legendary Yorkshire toppers. One of them was Paul Parnell, who, according to the *Gentlemen's Magazine* of 1810, "during his lifetime drank out of one silver pint cup upwards of £9000 sterling worth of

Yorkshire Stingo" calculated at 2d. a cupful. The other was Henry Elwes, who was credited with the consumption of 2000 gallons of strong ale and nicknamed Toby Fillpot. What seems in the highest degree unlikely is that the figure could have any connection with that endearing masterpiece of characterisation in Laurence Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," Uncle Toby, who was both lovable and abstemious.

Whatever their origin, Toby jugs have been immensely popular from the moment of their first appearance, and Mr. Eyles provides us with a lengthy list of variants, including two of women, "Drunken Sal" and "Martha Gunn," the Brighton bathing attendant of whom these touching words were written:

To Brighton came he,  
Came George III.'s son,  
To be dipped in the sea  
By famed Martha Gunn.

She wears a large hat trimmed with Prince of Wales' feathers and holds a glass in one hand and a bottle of gin in the other.

There is an excellent chapter on the various makers of Toby jugs, with the usual warning that none can be ascribed with confidence to Whieldon, and a reminder that "Towards 1780, or perhaps a little later, the soft, harmonious, mellow in-glaze and underglaze colours began to give place to brighter and harder overglaze enamels, with a consequent loss of much of that

charm. For a time, both underglaze and overglaze colours and enamels were used, but by the end of the century enamels had almost entirely supplanted the older method." The use of enamels necessitated at least three firings—one to produce the "biscuit" ware; one to wed the glaze to the body; and one, at a much lower temperature, to make the enamels adhere to the glaze. In course of time, the enamels used on many



FROM THE HABUR REGION OF NORTH SYRIA: A POTTERY "FACE-CUP," c. 1500 B.C.

(Height c. 5 ins.)

"... though unique in design, it [the Toby Jug] was, none the less, the descendant of a long line of anthropomorphic figure jugs—jugs in human form—fashioned by potters in many different countries in earlier times"—such as the "face-cup" from North Syria.

By courtesy of the British Museum.



GENERALLY KNOWN AS THE "MAN ON A BARREL": A RARE RALPH WOOD TOBY JUG, THE HAT AND COAT ARE IN MANGANESE GLAZES, WITH PALE GREEN VEST. (Height 9½ ins.) The figure seated on the barrel, traditionally said to be Admiral Lord Howe or Admiral Vernon, clasps a jug in his hands, while a dog lies asleep under his raised right foot.

Courtesy of Delomosne and Son.

their age-old craft. What they lacked in subtlety and a knowledge of the ways of the great world they made up for by a very definite pawky downrightness, never forgetting that they were working for the tavern shelf and the cottage parlour.

Of many recent books on specialised aspects of this enormously wide subject I have just been reading one by Mr. Desmond Eyles\* in which a description of some developments at the works of Doulton and Co. is preceded by a well-illustrated account of the Toby jug and its ancestry. As I personally find these things



A VERY EARLY TYPE OF TOBY JUG: THE "TWYNFORD" TOBY JUG, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE "STEP TOBY."

"This is a comparatively rare type with a much thinner base and thinner glazing than the 'Ordinary Model.' Toby is holding a long pipe with his right hand. Some collectors believe this to be the earliest type of genuine Toby."

By courtesy of Lord Mackintosh of Halifax.

of the earliest enamelled Toby jugs have flaked or peeled off, due to faulty techniques. One thing is crystal clear: once your eyes have been taught to recognise the softness of these early colours, whether the more subtle ones under the glaze or the later brighter enamels, you will have no difficulty in distinguishing the original from later copies, of which there are many—but this, as the author points out, is to be learnt by experience, not from books. As a survey of a popular subject, this volume leaves nothing to be desired.

\* "Good Sir Toby: The Story of Toby Jugs and Character Jugs Through the Ages," by Desmond Eyles. Over a hundred illustrations, including 19 pages in colour and Colour Illustrations in the text. (Doulton and Co. Ltd.; 30s.)

PORTRAIT—AND  
ARMOUR—OF A  
SYRIAN ROYAL  
GENERAL:  
A SUPERB SILVER  
AND IRON HELMET  
OF THE TIME OF  
THE CRUCIFIXION.

THIS magnificent portrait (and piece of armour) was found in clandestine diggings at Homs, Syria, and is now one of the treasures of the museum at Damascus (a previous brief account appeared in our issue of April 30, when it was temporarily on view in the British Museum before return to Damascus). It is of iron covered with silver, which is in parts gilded, the neck-guard, in addition to rosettes and acanthus leaves, bearing birds and a butterfly in relief. It is robust enough to have been worn in battle and weighs 4½ lb. The trefoils under the eye-slits give a bi-focal vision. It is dated to the early first century A.D. and seems to have belonged to a member of the reigning family of Emesa, the Sampsigerami, a dynasty of Hellenised Arabs, who ruled under Roman patronage. When discovered it was in great need of restoration owing to the corrosion of the inner iron mask. Iron, when rusting, expands and this expansion had burst and distorted the outer silver mask; and the silver itself was in a very brittle condition. It was sent, therefore, to the British Museum for restoration in the Research Laboratory, and it was after their completely successful treatment that we were privileged to photograph it in colour. During the course of its restoration a number of interesting discoveries were made. It would appear that the mask of the helmet was based originally on a life mask or similar exact portrait of the owner. Working with this as his guide, the original craftsman hammered out a replica in thin wrought-iron. This done, he then produced a very slightly larger mask in silver, also by the *repoussé* method; and these two masks were then fitted together,

[Continued below, right.]



WORN IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. BY A ROYAL GENERAL OF THE SAMPSIGERAMI, FOUND NEAR HOMS, SYRIA, AND RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE SPLENDOUR AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: FRONTAL AND PROFILE VIEWS OF THE MAGNIFICENT SILVER AND IRON HELMET.



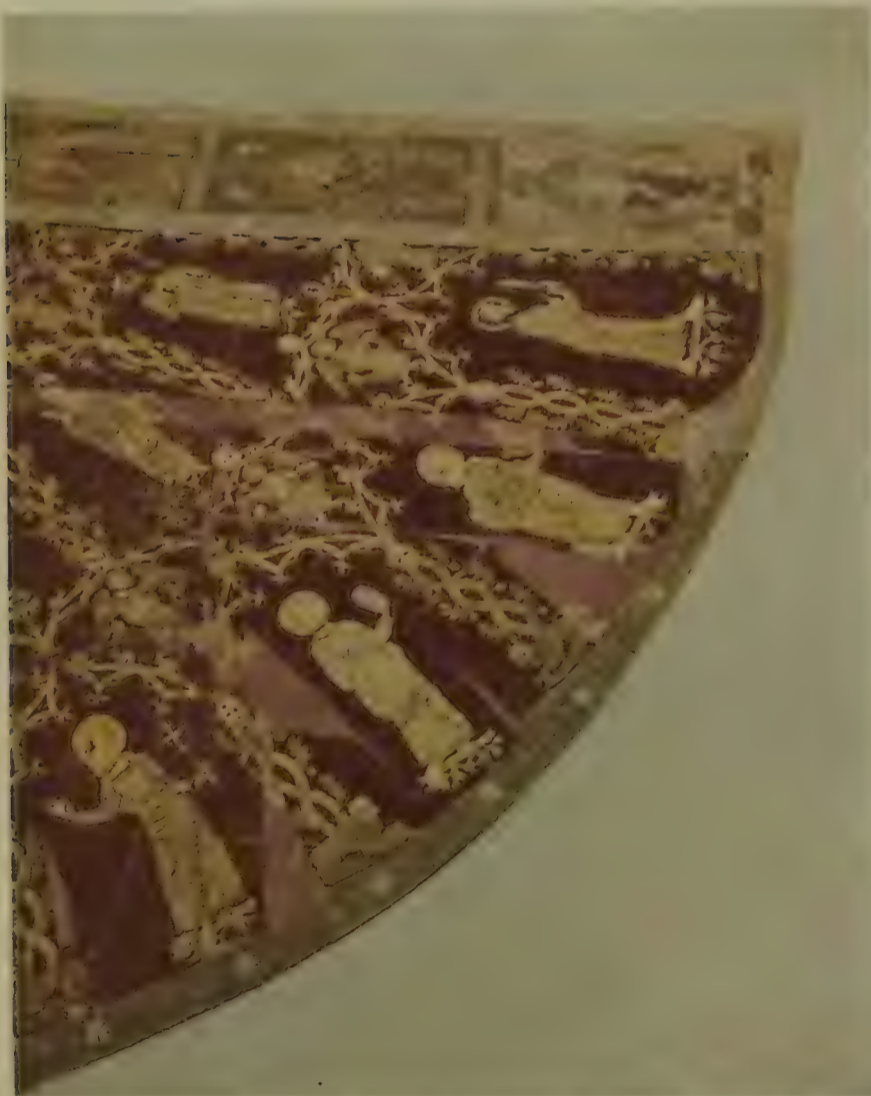
*Continued.*

finishing touches probably being added to the silver with the engraving tool. Before the restoration a small flake of the silver was tested to see if it could be annealed. It could; and work proceeded. The iron mask was removed by various very delicate operations and work began on the silver mask. This work consisted of annealing it to restore its "nature," reinforcing the back with silver wire soldered on, closing gaps and restoring the original shape and, where necessary, silver-plating tiny spots or lines of solder by means of the "ragging process." In order that there should be no further trouble, non-corrosive fluxes and solders had to be used and the work washed in distilled water to remove all traces of flux or the like, and then washed in acetone to dry it. The pieces of the iron mask, now inert since completely changed into iron oxide, were then replaced inside the silver mask and, in essentials, the work was complete.

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THE BUTLER-BOWDON COPE, ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION FOR £33,000 WITH ASSISTANCE FROM THE PILGRIM TRUST AND THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND: A REMARKABLE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY VESTMENT WHICH WAS DUE TO BE PLACED ON VIEW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM ON AUGUST 26.



SHOWING (L. TO R.) FIGURES REPRESENTING ST. JAMES THE LESS, ST. PHILIP, ST. JUDE AND ST. BARTHOLOMEW: DETAIL OF THE COPE.



DETAIL OF THE BUTLER-BOWDON COPE: THE FIGURES ON THE ORPHREY (BORDER: RIGHT) REPRESENT A CROWNED KING AND (ABOVE) A BISHOP.

# A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF OPUS ANGLICANUM (ENGLISH EMBROIDERY) OF THE 14TH CENTURY: THE BUTLER-BOWDON COPE, ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION FOR £33,000.

The remarkable vestment known as the Butler-Bowdon cope, acquired for £33,000 for the Nation, was due to be placed on view to the public at the Victoria and Albert Museum on August 26. We illustrated it in black and white in our issue of July 2 and here reproduce it in colour. It is a very fine example of *Opus Anglicanum* (English Embroidery) dating from the third decade of the fourteenth century. The design is embroidered with coloured silks, silver-gilt and silver thread, pearls and beads, and small metal rings, on crimson velvet. Three concentric zones of arcading, spread over the surface of the vestment, frame three central scenes (the Coronation of the Virgin; the Adoration of the Magi; and the Annunciation), and twenty-four standing figures ranged on either side. Between the three arcades, two smaller zones are formed by the spandrels, each of which contains an angel with wings outspread, enthroned and holding a star. The original orphrey (border) and lower border are

present, but the morse (fastening) is missing. It is possible to identify the majority of the saints depicted. The vestment has been badly mutilated and at some time was cut up to provide material for a modern-shaped chasuble, frontal, stole, maniple, and other small objects. These fragments were carefully reassembled during the nineteenth century and missing portions sketched on a new backing. The needlework is stitched through the velvet ground, not worked apart and then applied to it, as became customary a century later. To make such a direct procedure possible the velvet has been overlaid with a thin fabric before embroidering. The inner layer is clearly visible on worn parts. The silk embroidery is mainly in split and satin stitches, French knots and laid and couched work. Pearls were once present in great quantity, but few have survived; a few green beads simulate jewels as crowns and eyes in the lions' masks. The cope is 7 ft. 4 ins. wide and 5 ft. 6 ins. high.

By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright reserved.

# A BIRD THAT BURIES ITS EGGS.

By COLLINGWOOD INGRAM.

A VISIT to South Africa gave me the chance of studying at first hand the remarkable breeding habits of Kittlitz's Plover (*Charadrius pecuarius*), a bird closely akin to, and of much the same size as, our own little Kentish Plover (*Charadrius alexandrinus*). The species is strictly confined to Africa and some of its outlying islands, but within that continent it has a wide range which, on the eastern side, extends from Egypt down to the very tip of Cape Colony.

As is well known, some of the grebes, ducks and geese often lightly cover their eggs before quitting their nests, but I believe Kittlitz's Plover to be the only bird habitually to bury them in sand before leaving them unattended. So fixed has this habit become that even when suddenly alarmed the incubating female will endeavour and, in my experience, always succeed, in carefully concealing her two eggs in this manner. Whether this is done solely in order to hide them from view, or whether it is to protect them from the often fierce heat of the sun's rays, I cannot say: no doubt the practice serves as an efficient safeguard against both contingencies. At any rate, so far as concealment is concerned, the result could hardly be more effective, for the flat, smooth surface under which they are normally covered leaves not the slightest clue as to their whereabouts: indeed, the only way an inquisitive

would carry him, while I remained stationary, with my binoculars fixed on the bird. And that was precisely what happened. But, quick as my friend was, the little plover had been still quicker. On reaching the place where she had been sitting, there was again absolutely nothing to be seen: by some dexterous feat of legerdemain her two eggs had, apparently, once more vanished into thin air! But with my glasses steadily focussed on the bird I had seen something of how she had performed her astonishing trick. Frightened by my friend's sudden appearance, the little plover had promptly risen to her feet: she had then very rapidly turned through half a circle, delivering, as she did so, a few vigorous and well-directed backward kicks—the whole operation occupying perhaps less than a couple of seconds. Without the evidence of my own eyes, I would never have believed it possible that a bird could have succeeded in burying her eggs so completely in those two brief seconds. One can only suppose that the plover had previously erected a low wall of sand round the nest depression—a wall that could be easily and rapidly scat-

tered over the eggs. That this is, in fact, normally done is suggested by Sir Frederick Jackson's observations in Kenya. He says that after a shower of rain has darkened the surface of the surrounding ground, nests of Kittlitz's Plovers may fairly easily be found by noting the slightly paler colour of the circle of sand under which the eggs have been buried.

Although not commonly practised by our Kentish Plover, I had on one occasion proof that the same habit is at least latent in that closely-related species. The pair that afforded me this proof had evidently lost their first nest and, as a result, had laid a second clutch unusually late in the season—namely, mid-July. On one of the days I visited this nest the weather happened to be exceptionally hot and sunny. To my surprise, I discovered that the two eggs, which had previously been fully exposed to the sky, were now partially buried under some of the fragments of sea-shell which the birds had gathered to form a bed for their nest. A few days later the weather changed and became overcast and cool, with a clammy sea mist blowing in from the Channel. On re-visiting the nest I found the eggs were once more lying fully

mitigate, so far as possible, the ill-effects of the excessive heat likely to be experienced at that time of the year.

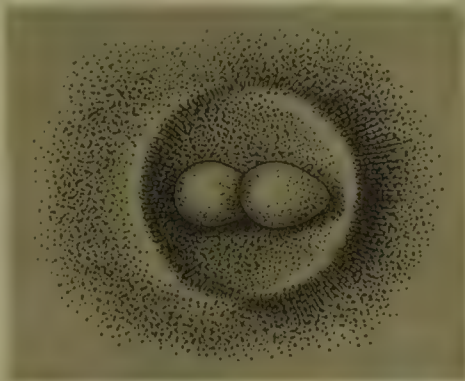
On January 5, the day before I left South Africa, I paid a visit to another haunt of the Kittlitz's Plover, namely to some freshwater vleis, or shallow lagoons, situated in a sandy part of the Cape Flats. There I was lucky enough to encounter two pairs of these birds, each accompanied by a solitary nestling. The down on the upper surface of these nestlings was of a uniform pale buffish colour, evenly and minutely speckled with darker markings. The effect produced was that of a granulated surface which harmonized so perfectly with the sandy surroundings that the baby

birds became virtually invisible from a distance of only a few feet. No doubt on account of their helplessness during infancy camouflage has reached a higher degree of perfection, and has displayed in its evolution a greater flexibility, in the young of the wader family than in almost any other form of bird-life. For instance, nestlings of the Kentish Plover, a species closely akin and not dissimilar in their adult plumage to the African bird, are quite distinct in their juvenile state. Because they are commonly reared on open, stony beaches, and not on a bare,

sandy surface, the downy young of the Kentish Plover have their backs irregularly blotched and indistinctly striped with dusky markings resembling the mottled appearance of the pebbles among which they are usually born. In many members of this far-flung family, evolution has not been content with merely producing a procryptic colour scheme for their young, but has actually gone so far as to modify the structure of some of their downy feathers to enhance still further the nestlings' assimilation to their native environment. These modifications were described at some length by the author in an article published in *The Illustrated London News* on August 21, 1948.

During my visit to the above-mentioned vleis I observed a great many waders from the Northern Hemisphere—migrants which had apparently reached the southernmost limit of their peregrinations. By far the most plentiful were Curlew Sandpipers and Little Stints, and these birds alone must have numbered many hundreds of individuals, but there were also a few Greenshanks, Marsh Sandpipers and Ruffs to be seen feeding round the water's edge. As nearly all of these species nest far north of the Equator, it seemed rather strange to find them here, spending their winter in the height of a southern summer, intermingled with local breeding-birds of the same family. This is a phenomenon that never occurs in either Europe or America. As a matter of fact, apart from some purely oceanic Shearwaters, broadly speaking, no species breeding in the Southern Hemisphere ever travels very far north of the Equator, the reason no doubt being that their nesting-grounds nearly all lie in temperate, sub-tropical or tropical regions where, of course, the impulse and, indeed, the necessity to migrate, is naturally much less. It is a fairly general rule that the further a bird breeds from the Equator the stronger will be its migratory instinct and the greater distance will it travel south, or north, as the case may be, of its breeding area. The classic example of this is found in the Arctic Tern, a bird which, after nesting in Spitzbergen, Baffin Land and elsewhere in the high north, annually migrates to the Antarctic seas—a double journey involving a total distance of something like 20,000 miles.

Another odd and interesting thing about Kittlitz's Plover is that in different parts of its range it may be found nesting during almost every month of the year. For instance, in Cape Colony I discovered its eggs in early October and newly-hatched young in January; in Kenya, according to Sir Frederick Jackson, it breeds in May and June, while Mackworth-Praed and Grant state that in Uganda it nests in July and August, and in Madagascar during September as well as May and June. No doubt this diversity in the bird's nesting seasons is largely attributable to different local climatic conditions, among which rainfall is probably one of the principal governing factors.



ILLUSTRATING WHAT WOULD SEEM TO BE THE ONLY MEANS BY WHICH THE KITTLITZ'S PLOVER COULD COVER ITS EGGS SO QUICKLY: A WALL OF SAND ROUND THE NEST SHOWN IN A THEORETICAL DRAWING.

Drawings by Collingwood Ingram.



PARTIALLY BURIED IN BROKEN SHELLS, PRESUMABLY TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE HEAT OF THE SUN'S RAYS: EGGS OF THE KENTISH PLOVER (*CHARADRIUS ALEXANDRINUS*). THIS DRAWING, BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY CAPTAIN COLLINGWOOD INGRAM, SEEMS TO PROVE THAT THE BURYING HABIT IS ALSO LATENT IN THIS SPECIES WHICH IS NEARLY RELATED TO THE KITTLITZ'S PLOVER.

ornithologist can hope to find them is to withdraw to a safe distance, hide himself and there patiently await the bird's return to the nest.

And that was precisely the procedure I adopted when, by their anxious behaviour, it became apparent that a pair of these plovers were breeding on an island I happened to be visiting. After a while, believing I had safely left the area, the female started to advance, at first slowly, and then by means of a series of zigzag runs, towards a certain spot. Arriving there, she halted, uncovered her eggs, and then quietly settled down to brood them. So far so good. I had now unquestionably located her nest: but I had still to find her eggs! To achieve that end I knew I would have to memorise very carefully the bird's exact position, and that, of course, could only be done by taking several cross-bearings on where she was sitting. Having made a mental note of these, I leapt to my feet and ran straight for the nest. Although the little plover, immediately I showed myself, had apparently departed with hardly a moment's hesitation, when I reached the place there was absolutely nothing to be seen—not even so much as a tell-tale footprint to give me a hint where she had been. However, feeling confident I had marked the spot to within a few inches, I dropped on my knees and groped about in the loose sand until my fingers finally touched the two rounded objects for which I was searching. But how had the bird managed to bury her eggs so deeply and so skilfully in such an incredibly short space of time?

To answer that question satisfactorily necessitated enlisting the help of an accomplice. Our plan was to hide behind the same bank until the plover again returned to her nest: my companion would then jump up and sprint for the nest as fast as his legs



A BIRD THAT HABITUALLY BURIES ITS EGGS IN SAND BEFORE LEAVING THEM UNATTENDED: KITTLITZ'S PLOVER (*CHARADRIUS PECUARIUS*), WHICH IS CLOSELY AKIN TO OUR OWN KENTISH PLOVER.

exposed to view. From these observations it may, I think, be safely assumed that, in this case at any rate, the birds' purpose in partly covering their eggs had been solely to protect them from the heat of the sun's rays. The use of white pieces of broken sea-shells to form a shallow cup for this belated nest—a procedure which had definitely sacrificed the protective coloration of the eggs, may have also derived from an instinctive desire to

# "JULIUS CÆSAR" IN A ROMAN SETTING: SHAKESPEARE AT JERASH.



WAITING FOR CÆSAR TO PASS: THE SOOTHYSAYER (RIGHT) WAS PLAYED BY MR. G. LANKESTER HARDING.



IN THE SENATE: THE CONSPIRATORS WAIT TO ASSASSINATE CÆSAR. THE ROMAN STATUE WAS EXCAVATED AT JERASH.



CASSIUS, PLAYED BY COLONEL LESLIE TOOGOOD, OF THE ARAB LEGION, WHO WAS ALSO THE PRODUCER OF THE PLAY.



CÆSAR, PLAYED BY PAT SECCOMBE, OF THE BRITISH COUNCIL, SPEAKS WITH MARK ANTONY, PLAYED BY COLONEL LLOYD, OF THE ARAB LEGION.



WIFE TO CÆSAR: CALPURNIA, PLAYED BY MRS. DUKE, WHO IS THE WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO JORDAN.



TAKING FINAL LEAVE OF EACH OTHER: BRUTUS, PLAYED BY MAJOR JOHN HAMILTON, OF THE ARAB LEGION, AND CASSIUS (COLONEL TOOGOOD).



MAGNIFICENT AND PERFECT SETTING FOR THE AMMAN DRAMATIC SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CÆSAR": THE FORUM AMID THE RUINS AT JERASH.

The Amman Dramatic Society, one of the most thriving and enterprising in the Middle East, undertakes about three shows every year, including one open-air one. Last year they did a production of "The Tempest" in the gardens of the Embassy in Amman, and this year their choice fell on "Julius Cæsar," which they staged most successfully amid the ruins of Jerash, on the hills on the east bank of the Jordan, some sixty miles from Jerusalem. The play was produced by Colonel Leslie Toogood of the Arab Legion who also played the part of Cassius; and the cast included Arab, American and British amateur actors. The part of

the Soothsayer was played by Mr. G. Lankester Harding, Director of Antiquities for the Government of Jordan, who is well known to our readers as a valued contributor to our pages. The production of "Julius Cæsar" owed much of its success to his valuable help and advice. The play, which had two evening performances, was enjoyed on each occasion by an audience of 400 people, some of whom had come from as far afield as Beirut and Damascus. The ruins of Jerash which represent the most complete example of a Roman provincial town to be seen anywhere, were a perfect setting for Shakespeare's great Roman tragedy.

## HORROR UPON HORROR PILED: TITUS ANDRONICUS IN A STRATFORD REVIVAL.



WRITING IN THE SAND THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO RAVISHED HER, CUT OFF HER HANDS AND CUT OUT HER TONGUE: LAVINIA (VIVIEN LEIGH), WITH TITUS ANDRONICUS (LAURENCE OLIVIER, LEFT) AND HIS BROTHER, MARCUS (ALAN WEBB).



THE TORTURED LAVINIA DUMBLY REVEALS HER SUFFERINGS BY INDICATING THE TRAGIC TALE OF PHILOMEL'S RAPE IN A VOLUME OF OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES*. (L. TO R.) TITUS ANDRONICUS (LAURENCE OLIVIER), LAVINIA (VIVIEN LEIGH) AND MARCUS ANDRONICUS (ALAN WEBB).



COMFORTING HIS AFFLICTED DAUGHTER: TITUS ANDRONICUS (LAURENCE OLIVIER) AND LAVINIA (VIVIEN LEIGH). HE TAKES A TERRIBLE REVENGE UPON HER RAVISHERS.

"Titus Andronicus," that gore-spattered sortie in the popular Elizabethan manner by the young William Shakespeare, opened at the Stratford Memorial Theatre on August 16 for its first major professional stage production since October 1923, when the Old Vic company put it on with Wilfrid Walter as Titus and George Hayes as Aaron. The only other important versions in recent years were those of the Marlowe Society at Cambridge in 1953, followed closely by a Third Programme production in which Wilfrid Walter and George Hayes played



AARON THE MOOR, INSTIGATOR OF LAVINIA'S RAPE, EMBRACING HIS ROYAL MISTRESS, TAMORA, ANTHONY QUAYLE AND MAXINE AUDLEY IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY.

their original roles, and an obscure interpretation at Toynbee Hall, not challenging its forerunners. A heavily-cut version with all the horrors telescoped appeared in Grand Guignol at the Irving a few years ago. The play is anathema nowadays, less with audiences than with managements. It was to be the birthday play of the 1929 Stratford season, but at the last moment doubt set in and the project was abandoned. The present production, devised in order to complete the canon, is discussed by our Dramatic Critic, Mr. J. C. Trewin, on the following page.

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## ALL THE WORKS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

TOWARDS the end of "Titus Andronicus," Aaron the Moor, standing on a ladder while he awaits execution—which is postponed so that he can die a harsher death—neatly summarises the play:

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd.

Stratford-upon-Avon has waited seventy-six years, since the first Memorial Theatre rose upon the Bancroft, to hear Shakespeare's youthful tragedy: one of the most ensanguined revenge-plays in the history of the drama, and—according to some judges—of too little worth to stage.

That is a dangerous assumption. Shakespeare wrote to be acted. What looks dire in the text can flame in the theatre. So with "Titus." Some of us had known, or had felt, that the play would startle its first-night audience—impress as much as it horrified—but none, I imagine, was prepared for the excitement of the August evening that brought "Titus" at last to Stratford.

The road to this particular Rome has been long and hard. The Old Vic acted "Titus" as far back as 1923; we still hear of George Hayes's Aaron, and of Hay Petrie in the tiny part of the Clown with pigeons. The Marlowe Society of Cambridge lashed at the drama, and most successfully, in the spring of 1953. But Stratford has been scared. The thought of those severed hands, bodies-in-piecrust, rose before the affrighted gaze of the Governors. Any play, they cried, but this! In 1929, golden jubilee year of the Memorial, they even jibbed at their first consent to "Titus" as the Birthday Play, and returned hastily to "Much Ado." Since then we have merely been able to twit them, season by season, with the passing of the years. After all, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Shakespeare's town should have all the works in its gift; the absence of "Titus" has long been a reproach. It is a reproach no more; the bloodstained thumb is on the page.

"Titus Andronicus" came in on the night of August 16 to the most sustained roar of applause I remember in the Stratford theatre. There was no diminution in the sound. The curtain rose, fell, and rose again, while the house clapped until hands tingled and many people were shouting at the pitch of their voices. And for whom was this outcry? For Shakespeare, with (presumably) Peele, and the other collaborators? Hardly, I think. It was for Peter Brook, the director, who showed again that he has one of the most imaginative minds in the English theatre, and for Sir Laurence Olivier, who turned upon the despised part of Titus the full beam of his genius. High words. But this Stratford season will be remembered: I see no cause for grudging. Olivier, of all players, is the master of the lightning-flash. And here the lightning has swooped.

I am not defending the play of "Titus Andronicus." I have never denied the crudities and the bathos of much of the text. But I have always held that acting could transform it, that in the theatre it would rise astonishingly from these incarnadined speeches. We have mocked too long. It is easy to laugh at the futilities, and indeed we can always enjoy such a moment (cut at Stratford) as Marcus's tactful change of conversation—after Titus has killed his own son—"My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps . . .", and the highly agreeable synonym for holding the baby, "Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey This growing image of thy fiend-like face?"

True; but mocking can be too easy, as we saw when a young man produced a stupid little compression of the play in a Grand Guignol programme at a London club four years ago. One must hope that the perpetrator, if he is around to-day, will feel ashamed when he sees what Peter Brook, a director of taste and insight, has done with "Titus."

On the first night at Stratford there was hardly one jarring laugh. Peter

Brook can remember that with pride. He had realised that the only thing to do with "Titus" was: to seize the audience from the first, and, having seized it, never to let intensity slacken. We opened in a setting fit for high tragedy. When the processional entry was over, and the first rites had been done before the tomb of the Andronici, the audience was very still. Many had been uneasily jocular before curtain-rise. Not so now. Brook's production held



"ROSTAND'S FAMOUS COMEDY ACTED WITH THE RIGHT GRACE AND STYLE": "THE ROMANTICKS" (OPEN AIR THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL WITH THE LOVERS, PERCINET (NICHOLAS AMER) AND SYLVETTE (HILDA SCHRODER) SEATED ON THE WALL WATCHED BY THEIR FATHERS, BERGAMIN (ROBERT ATKINS) AND PASQUINOT (RUSSELL THORNDIKE).

the house as Guthrie's had done in "Tamburlaine." All was charged and sinister; we were in a mood to believe the impossible, to credit any extravagance. Laurence Olivier, instead of booming away Titus into

have divined that from the clumsy text?

Listeners, waiting for the run of horrors (and prepared for releasing laughter) found, to their astonishment, that they had no desire to laugh, that they were indeed chilled by the inventions so crudely set down in the play, so alarming in performance. By his cuts, and by an ordering of the stage that never allowed bathos to obtrude, Brook was turning "Titus Andronicus" to high tragedy. He had, in Olivier, a high tragedian. The rest of the company—Anthony Quayle, for example, as First Villain, the deadly Moor—kept the play at full strain without allowing a stretched cord to slacken.

Although the horrors of "Titus" were there, Brook did not hurl them out as if tilting a laden trunk across the floor. He used his own imagination and respected ours. The play came to us in barbaric pomp and with sharp terror. I am not likely to forget "What fool hath added water to the sea Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy," Olivier's recognition of the mutilated Lavinia, or (Olivier yet again) the infinite sorrow in the words, "Ah, Rome!" Brook and his collaborators had devised the craftiest and simplest of quick-changing sets; music (also the protean Brook's) intensified the atmosphere in this "wilderness of tigers," and the verse came to us as though written by Titus's gad of steel on a leaf of brass. No flinching here. The director had kept the best lines, though we had to lose the famous "O, had the monster seen those lily hands tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute": reasonably enough, for the spectacle of the outraged Lavinia addressed in a stream of classical conceits by her uncle Marcus—it is an unactable passage—might have worried us sadly and snapped the cord.

The night's triumph came at the last, when among the blood-red walls of the house of Titus, Tamora reached her involuntary cannibalism. This, in the theatre, could be ridiculous. Peter Brook produced it with mastery (he cut such a phrase as "baked in that pie"), and we found ourselves shuddering where we had prepared to laugh. Again, Olivier's charged emotion took the theatre. Watching and listening, we remembered that this was a part—if Dover Wilson's supposition is justified—that Shakespeare himself might have played.

The revenge-tragedy ended with the declamation of Michael Denison's Lucius. These sad Andronici had done with woes, but Aaron must be sentenced to

lingering doom, and Tamora's body cast forth to the beasts and birds of prey. She was devoid of pity, "and, being so, shall have like want of pity." The lights faded, the tragedy melted into gloom, and when the curtain rose again it was upon the massed company, with the audience surging into that tremendous roll of applause. (Even a dramatic critic was observed to be clapping his hands sore.)

There, then, it was: one of the surprising nights of our time, a botched play transformed. Olivier ruled; our thanks go also to Anthony Quayle, whose Aaron, with the muffled organ-throb voice, the savagery, and the sudden tenderness, did what one had hoped with the part; Maxine Audley, in tigerish force as Tamora, Queen of Goths; Vivien Leigh, pitiful as the ravished Lavinia; Alan Webb, Michael Denison, and Frank Thring. And I do not forget the Clown (Edward Atienza) whose life is sacrificed so wantonly. Hay Petrie, we are told, made a fine thing of this in 1923. Certainly, the wry, bewildered Mr. Atienza does, aided by Peter Brook's cunning and that unseen figure of the gibbet-maker uncle, an invention that for me will stand now with Wilfrid Grantham's creation of the grown-up Aaron, the Younger (who narrated in the Third Programme version of "Titus" two years ago).

Murder, rape, and massacre, acts of black night, complots of mischief. Yes, there is all that. But, because of Brook and Olivier, there is much more. Stratford's "Titus Andronicus," on that tranquil night of August, will go down in the books—written, no doubt, with a gad of steel upon a leaf of brass.



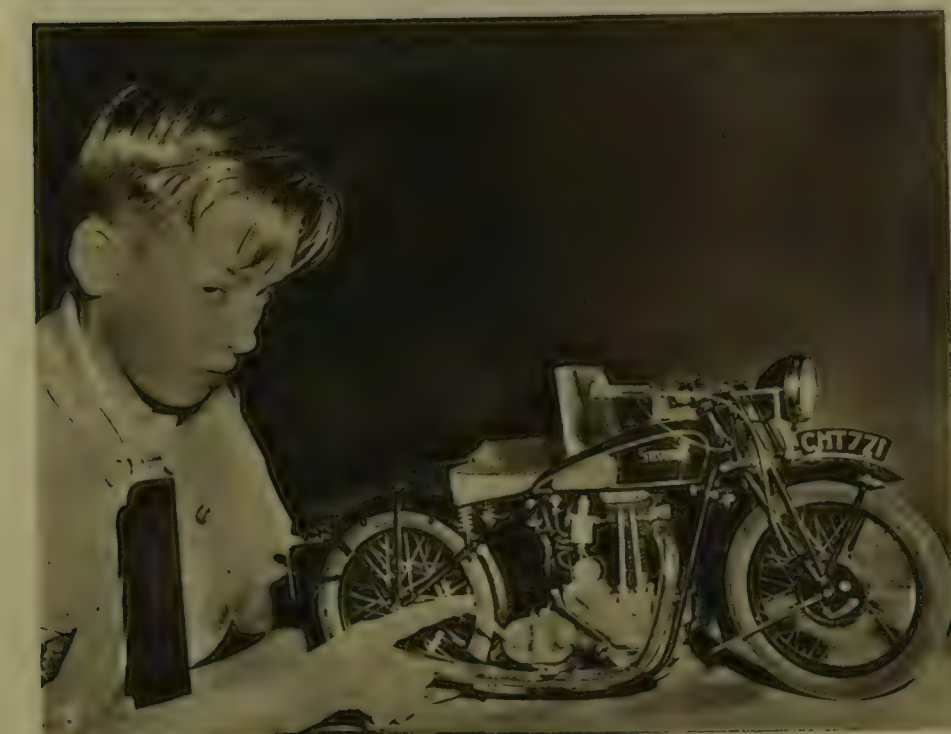
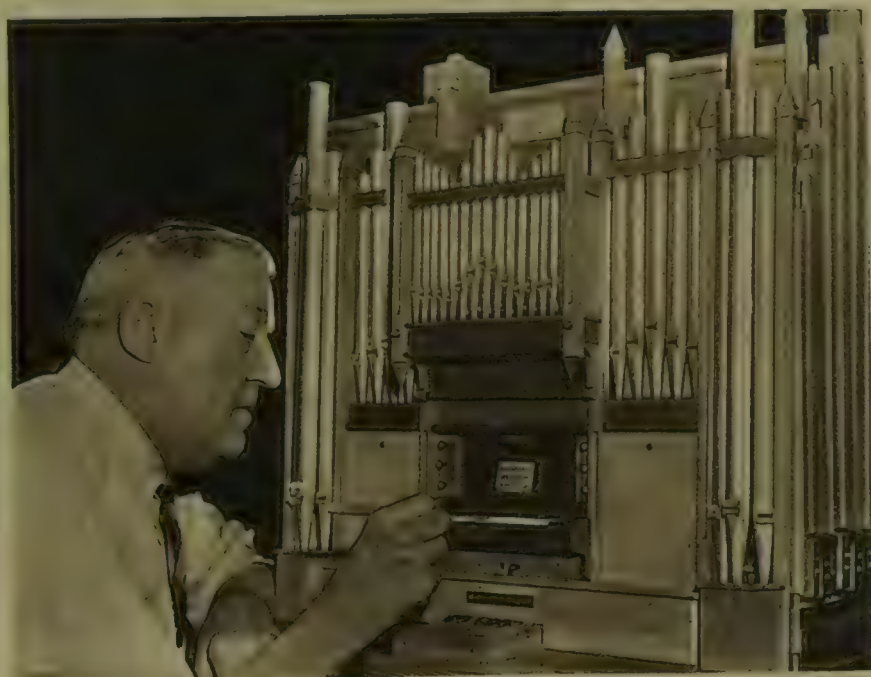
AN "ALL-COLOURED" BALLET-MUSICAL FROM RIO DE JANEIRO: "BRAZILIANA" (PICCADILLY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM ONE OF THE NUMBERS CALLED "A COUNTRY WEDDING."

space, was building the character of a gnarled, tetchy old warrior, a man who could be thrust towards distraction. Olivier's Titus (like Lear, though we need not compare the parts) was dangerously near the edge. Later, when Titus became crazed by grief, and when, quietly, bitterly inflexible, he pronounced sentence upon Chiron and Demetrius, Olivier acted with magnificent force and imagination. This Titus moved us to pity—and who would

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE ROMANTICKS" (Open Air Theatre).—Rostand's famous comedy, acted with the right grace and style, in a perfect setting at Regent's Park. (August 9.)  
"TITUS ANDRONICUS" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—I have devoted my article this week to the remarkable production (by Peter Brook) with which the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre has at last completed the full Shakespeare run. (August 16.)

# DWARF-SCALE SKILL: MASTERPIECES AT THE "MODEL ENGINEER" EXHIBITION.



1. GIVING YOUNG VISITORS A RIDE BY MEANS OF HIS MODEL OF THE L.M.S. *Princess Royal* WITH WHICH HE WON AWARDS LAST YEAR: MR. A. C. HUTTON.
2. WITH THE 6-FT. MODEL OF A CHURCH ORGAN WHICH HE MADE OF WOOD FROM ORANGE BOXES AND METAL FROM TINS AT A COST OF ABOUT £10: MR. DEN WILLETER, OF BRIGHTON.
3. RECEIVING A DUE MEED OF ADMIRATION FROM A VISITOR: THE MODEL OF THE L.M.S. LOCOMOTIVE *Sir Arthur Pole* CONSTRUCTED BY MR. CECIL FOX.

4. ENTERED FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S CHALLENGE TROPHY FOR MODELS WHICH HAVE PREVIOUSLY WON AWARDS: A MINIATURE OVERSTRUNG PIANO ONE-THIRD FULL SIZE, MADE BY MR. H. A. J. SMITH.
5. ENTERED FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S CHALLENGE TROPHY: THE WORKING SCALE MODEL OF A 495 C.C. STEVENS MOTOR-CYCLE, MADE BY MR. GEORGE F. WILLS.
6. ONE OF THE THREE EXHIBITS ON MR. L. E. TUCK'S "MOTORING THROUGH TIME" DISPLAY IN THE ENGINEERING SCALE MODELS (NON-WORKING) SECTION: A 1913 MORRIS CAR.

The thirtieth "Model Engineer" Exhibition, which this year is being held in association with the Institute of Patentees' Exhibition of Inventions, opened at the New Horticultural Hall on August 17 and will continue until the 27th. This fascinating display is not primarily a commercial venture, for the exhibits in the Competition and Loan Sections and on the Club stands are the result of amateur enthusiasm by model-makers who practise the art as a hobby and recreation,

many with only limited workshop equipment, and a number with only the barest essential tools. Their achievements, some of which we illustrate, are remarkable. They include models of locomotives, steam and motor ships, yachts, hydroplanes, cars, aircraft, and musical instruments. The model of a church organ by Mr. Willeter, which has 113 pipes, is operated by the 5-in. keyboard or electrically by remote control. It has thirty-two notes and ten stops.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE trouble with nearly all story-telling designed to put over a "world-view" is its lack of inwardness. It ought to go right down to the roots, and to contain its message in solution; but far more commonly, the life in it is shallow or machine-made, and the ideas can be picked out by hand. And thus we get the disguised sermon, the satire on world affairs, or their plebeian counterpart, the topical film-script: highly effective in their way, but not with an effect of inner truth, much less a vision of it. Yet it is possible to be "both a story-teller and a seer": to fuse life and ideas, at a deep level. It is the rarest of gifts; but it is what we find all through in "The Marriage Feast," by Pär Lagerkvist (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.). Here, inwardness and world-view are the same thing. Sometimes, it is expressed in parable—but the parables are not sermons dressed up; they are real story-telling, though a poet's. Sometimes, it has the look of an "ordinary" tale; but these are no less saturated with idea, which in its turn is saturated with direct feeling. In "Father and I," a childhood memory of a Sunday afternoon walk, the idea is the feeling—which becomes concrete in the "furious vision" of the express train. In the macabre *fait divers*, "A Hero's Death," the story is the social comment; as in that horrid little humoresque, "The Children's Campaign," it is the anti-nationalist propaganda. One can abstract the moral, and even the recipe, which is "a little more"; not the discomfort, which is everything. This writer has the knack of being quite fresh, on the most public ground, without the slightest deviation from orthodoxy.

But he is not often on public ground; and as we go down deeper—into the final strata of religion and love—his tone seems to grow more ambiguous. According to André Gide, "It is the measure of his success that he has managed so admirably to maintain his balance on a tightrope which stretches between the world of reality and the world of faith." This comment reflects something true, but it suggests a trick. Lagerkvist's "tightrope" is nothing but rock-bottom sincerity, with a deep feeling for the good; shortly, it is the tension between life and insight. And he regards this tension as basic; he believes the soul is incompatible with the world, and yet inextricable from it. That is why all his portraits of the "elect"—"Saviour John," "God's Little Travelling Salesman," "The Masquerade of Souls"—strike one as so ambiguous: why he has such a turn for discomfort in all keys, and why, in him, it has such a thrilling quality. After the Huxleys and Orwells—the lightning-and-firework school of Thought—Lagerkvist is a still, small voice, piercing the marrow.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The City and the Mountains," by Eça de Queiroz (Rheinhardt; 12s. 6d.), a Portuguese-Victorian classic, is again founded on thought. But such a simple thought: the false glitter of progress, the blood-sucking perversity of city life, and the superiority of Nature. That, and no more; it sounds like old-fashioned didacticism, but it is really a rhapsodic comedy, embroidered to the last inch. Jacinto, its young Quixote, is a Portuguese nobleman, born and brought up in Paris: lord of immense properties, which he has never seen and has no inclination to see: gay, popular, intelligent, a Prince of good luck. Only, he is devoured by "philosophic yearnings and insatiable chimeras." The first, which fastens on him as a student, is the Idea of Civilisation. He has evolved a formula: Absolute Knowledge x Absolute Power = Absolute Happiness. "Civilised man" therefore devotes himself to "strengthening the force of his thought with all the notions ever conceived since Aristotle, and multiplying the corporal potency of his own organs by every kind of mechanism invented since Terimenes created the wheel." And, naturally, he requires the City—"an enormous City with all its organs functioning powerfully." . . .

Jacinto can have all the City he likes; but Zé Fernandes, the narrator, has to return to Portugal. There he is happily bucolic for seven years. On the next trip, he finds his Prince hamstrung by gadgets, darkened by piles on piles of books, wasted with boredom and abundance. In this extremity, the absentee projects a duty-visit to his demesne; although the final effort proves so daunting that he has to be dragged. And then comes the new era—with Jacinto blossoming like the rose, but just as ardently chimerical in a new way. However, it is really vain to sum up. The plot would be nil, without the crammed, exuberant fantasia of City life, Don Quixote's notions and expedients, and his relationship with Sancho Panza.

"The Phoenix," by Laurence Bachmann (Collins; 12s. 6d.), gives us pure drama—and remarkably good drama. True, it is based on an idea—that life and love must go on; but so are all stories with a happy ending. Six men have just been dumped in the ruins of Berlin; they were all demolition experts, met in a British camp, and hardly know each other. Yet in this post-war desert, they are afraid to break up—all except Koertner, who doesn't care. He wants no stake in life; he has no wish to be group leader; he is unmoved by Wirtz's envy, the hazards of their new job—dealing with unexploded bombs in the rubble—and the macabre idea of pooling half their earnings for the "last man." Then, as the months go by, and the expected deaths begin, he begins feeling. The pact revolts him now; he wants to live, and save his friends—but now he can't get out of it. . . . This is the best type of suspense-novel: well written, generously planned.

"A Bullet for Charles," by Hugh Walter (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), introduces a new talent in the Hammond Innes vein. George Graham, the narrator, is a physicist; so is his brilliant, irresponsible younger brother. All through their lives, Charles has been best at everything, and got away with everything. Now he has skipped to Sweden, which was their mother's country, to betray the Cobalt bomb; and George, the sad, weary, devoted plodder, means to forestall the police, and shoot him for everybody's good. But they are already on the alert; and when he gets past them to Stockholm, it is to find that Charles has skipped again. They want him, too; only they don't know where to look, while George remembers the old ski-hut. . . . Of course, there are more thrills and ambushes than that. In fact, the usual run; but combined with an unusual freshness and simplicity on an attractive stage.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## BRITISH SCULPTURE; FORTIFICATIONS; AND REGIONAL BOOKS.

MR. LAWRENCE STONE, the author of "Sculpture in Britain: the Middle Ages" (Penguin Books; 45s.), ruefully compares the task of the historian of English Mediaeval sculpture with that of a palaeontologist, who has to reconstruct the skeleton of and give a living appearance to a long-extinct animal from a few isolated scraps of bone. The reason he finds himself in this position is due to the fact that the losses which we have suffered, or as a nation we have inflicted on ourselves, in the field of sculpture are nearly as great as in the allied fields of Mediaeval mural paintings and stained glass. This is due to the iconoclasm, first of the period during and immediately succeeding the dissolution of the monasteries, and again at the hands of the Cromwellian soldiery during the Civil War. In the monasteries were to be found a great part of the artistic wealth of Mediaeval England, and it

was on these treasures that the first fury of the charming gentry who acted as Henry VIII's agents was concentrated. "I have defaced the chapel inward" wrote one of Thomas Cromwell's agents to his master, describing his destruction of the treasures at a Grey Friars community. This miserable activity was continued with particular violence in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, in whose reign there appears in the accounts of Eton College the following: "To Glover and his Laborer for two daies brekinge downe Images and filling there places with stone and plaister juxta xxd.—iiij iiij." The Civil War gave a fresh impetus to this barbarism, statuary and cathedrals coming in for particular attention on the part of bodies of Puritan troops under their "godly" officers. A certain Colonel Sandys was happy to be able to destroy over the west door of Canterbury Cathedral "many Idolls of stone, thirteen representing Christ and his twelve apostles," while Sir William Waller was equally happily engaged in destroying our cultural heritage at Winchester and Exeter. The churches of East Anglia, perhaps the richest area in all England from the cultural point of view, were the special target of the loathsome William Dowding, who broke every window and smashed every statue or piece of carving which could possibly have a religious significance that he could get at. Happily, there were a sufficient number of rich and well-born men on the Parliamentary side to prevent the destruction of the tombs of their ancestors, which constitute the biggest single surviving group of Mediaeval art treasures. But of the sculpture, 90 per cent. is estimated to have been destroyed, while the losses among stained glass, murals and the painting of the surviving sculptures (in the Middle Ages the painting of sculpture was considered almost as important as the carving itself), were infinitely high. Nevertheless, sufficient has survived to give us, under Mr. Stone's able guidance, a clear picture of the great and flourishing artistic heritage which our Mediaeval ancestors bequeathed to their unworthy and ungrateful descendants. He carries the story from the renaissance of civilisation, and therefore of culture, which took place in the sixth and seventh centuries in Northumbria after the Roman collapse, through the florescence of Anglo-Danish art in Wessex in the period immediately prior to the Norman Conquest, to the fine and realistic sculptural portraiture of the Renaissance and early sixteenth-century England. For Mr. Stone, I think the period which interests him most is that which he calls "the Age of Elegance," which runs roughly from 1275 to 1310. This short but wonderful period saw the happy marriage of the English and Continental styles of sculpture. The period which immediately succeeded it, which he calls the "age of the decorator," was a period of intellectual ferment, and social and political unrest, when compared with the thirteenth century and its "Age of synthesis, of faith, of relative stability." The beauty of some of the sculpture is admirably brought out in the fine and comprehensive series of plates which the book contains. In only one respect would I quarrel with Mr. Stone, and that is when he describes the effigy of Sir John Lyons at Warkworth and the gilt copper effigy of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral as being stylised and unrealistic. No one who has seen the older occupants of any pre-war cavalry mess, or who has encountered pleasant retired generals in the shooting field could fail to recognise the living likeness of such empty-headed heartiness.

Another and excellent book dealing mainly with the Middle Ages is "A History of Fortification," by Sidney Toy (Heinemann; 30s.). It is true that Mr. Toy ranges from 3000 B.C. to the somewhat curious and arbitrary date of 1700 A.D., and that we are introduced to fortifications and siege methods from Babylon and Troy to the Kremlin, but the Middle Ages was the great period of fortifications, before the advent of artillery and other "secret weapons" had rendered a Maginot mentality dangerous as well as useless. Indeed, Mr. Toy makes it clear that so strong was the Mediaeval castle at its apogee, whether in Europe or in the Middle East, and whether in Christian or Saracen hands, that very seldom were they taken by storm. It is true that many castles changed hands in the course of the centuries many times, but this was normally due to famine and pestilence or treachery from within. A useful book of absorbing interest to the general reader as well as to the student of warfare.

Salisbury Plain might with justice, I believe, be described as the cradle of English civilisation, as from prehistoric times its grassy, open chalkland has been an island of open land in the gloomy ocean of swamp and thick, tangled forest which covered most of England up to comparatively recent times. The latest of the Regional Books is "Salisbury Plain," by Ralph Whitlock (Hale; 18s.). As usual, the editors of this deservedly popular series have chosen a local man to write on the country he knows so well. He writes with a charm and knowledge of the Plain, from the mysterious origins of Stonehenge and the white horses to the Plain as it is to-day, where ancient and modern, prehistoric barrow and Mediaeval town exist side by side with modern gunnery ranges.

I must confess that a part of England I know very little about, except for its great industrial city, is "The Wirral Peninsula" (Hale; 18s.), which, however, provides Mr. Norman Ellison with another excellent volume in the Regional Books series. Here again Mr. Ellison is a local man, and he contrives to bring to charming life a region which has a long and interesting history.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I SAW little of this game (from the Open Championship I organised recently at Southend) whilst it was in progress; but after a dozen different people—including both contestants—had assured me that it had been one of the best in the whole event, I took the first opportunity of playing through the score. The general praise is justified. An original "new-old" type of opening and combinative play of a high order winning the exchange on move 21 are followed by gallant defensive efforts by the eventual loser which make the game a rather memorable one. It takes two fine players to produce a first-class game.

## QUEEN'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
FRIEDMAN	PAFFLEY	FRIEDMAN	PAFFLEY
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	3. Kt-KB3	P-QKt3
2. P-QB4	P-K3	4. P-K3	
4. P-KKt3			
4. P-KKt3 has become so universal at this stage that the idea of developing White's KB anywhere but KKt2 causes quite a shock.			
4. . . . .	B-Kt2	6. Castles	Castles
5. B-Q3	B-K2	7. Kt-B3	P-Q4

Though I have described the opening as a Queen's Indian Defence, the position now is one reminiscent of the 1890's, a quarter-century before any of the "Indian" Defences had been heard of; having then come about from an ordinary Queen's Gambit in which White and Black alike would often develop their QB on QKt2.

8. P-QKt3 P×P 10. B-Kt2 P×P  
9. B×BP P-B4 11. Kt×P Kt-B3

This "clearing-up of the situation" in the centre by Black is methodical but misguided. It leaves White with the better development and Black at a loss to find a safe square for his queen.

12. Kt×Kt B×Kt  
Of course, not 12. . . . Q×Q? 13. Kt×Bch.  
13. Q-K2 Q-B2 14. QR-B1 QR-Q1  
To enable his queen to retire to QKt3 without obstructing his QR.

15. B-R6!  
The fireworks start. This threatens 16. Kt-Kt5 seriously troubling Black, for 16. . . . Q-Q2 (the only unattacked square from which the black queen can retain a guard on the menaced bishop) would be answered by 17. KR-Q1 (and if 17. . . . B-Q4; 18. R-B7, or if 17. . . . Q-K1; 18. Kt-B7).

15. . . . . Q-Kt1 16. Kt-Kt5 B-Q4  
16. . . . B×Kt, inviting reinforcements into White's attack, would certainly have been no better.  
17. P-B4 R-Q2 18. B-K5 Q-R1  
Not 18. . . . Q-Q1?, 19. R-B8.

19. Kt-B7 Q-Q1 20. B-Kt5  
Winning the exchange. Though Black now puts up a magnificent fight, the fact that he is doomed reconciles us to the necessity of briefer comment.

20. . . . . B-B4 26. R-Q1 P-B4  
21. B×R Kt×B 27. Kt-Kt5 Kt-K4  
22. Kt×B Kt×B 28. R-Q4 B-B4  
23. Kt-B3 Kt-Kt3 29. P-QKt4 P-Kt4  
24. Kt-K4 B-R6 30. R-R6 B-Kt3  
25. R-B4 Q-K2 31. R×B!

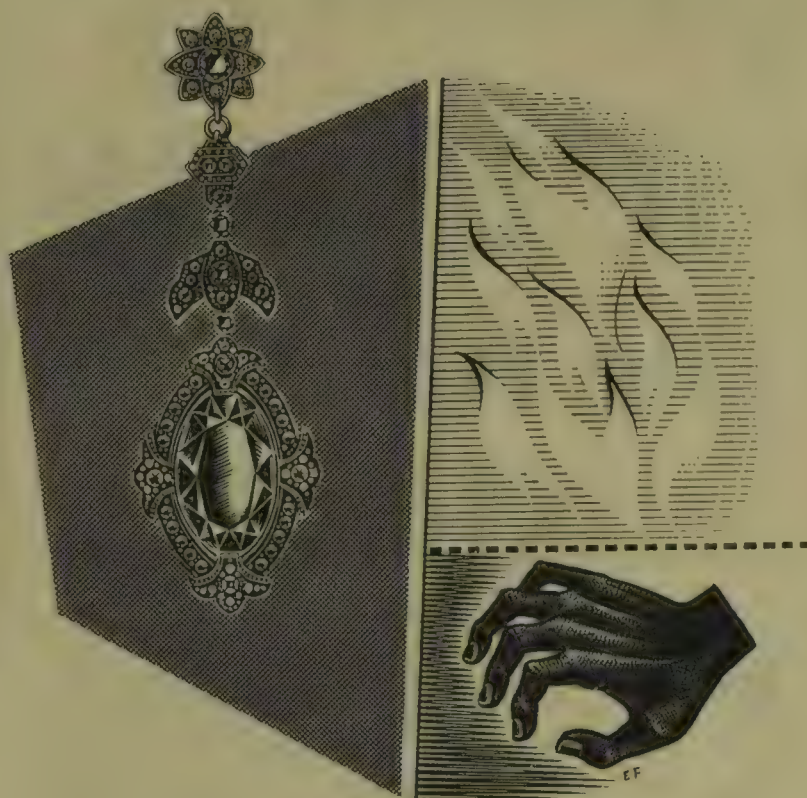
White has let his rook be trapped because he realises he can now win two pawns for the exchange; the point being that with his next, he threatens 33. Q×Kt. . . .

31. . . . . P×R 45. K-B1 K-B3  
32. Q×P Kt-Kt5 46. K-K1 P-Kt4  
33. Q×KtP P-K4 47. RP×Pch P×P  
34. P-KR3 P×P 48. P×Pch K×P  
35. P×P Kt-K6 49. K-Q1 P-B5  
36. R-K1 P-R1 50. P×Pch K×P  
37. Q-Q4 P-R3 51. K-B1 R-KR7  
38. Kt-B3 Q-K5 52. R-Q3 K-K5  
39. Q×Q R×Q 53. R-Q2 R-R6  
40. Kt-Q2 R-Q5 54. K-Kt2 K-K6  
41. R×Kt R×Kt 55. K-B3 K-K5ch  
42. P-R3 R-Kt7 56. K-B4 R×P  
43. P-KR4 P-Kt3 57. R-K2ch K-B4  
44. P-Kt3 K-B2 58. P-Kt5 Resigns.

His king shut away by two files, Black can do nothing to impede the queening of the pawn.

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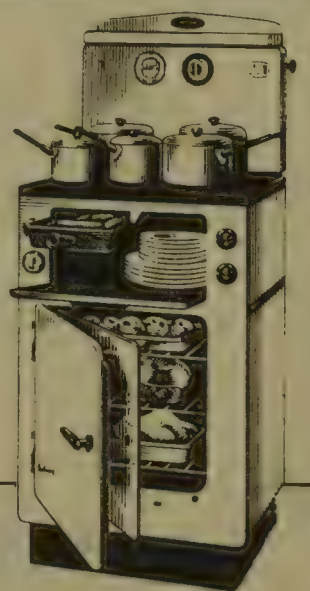
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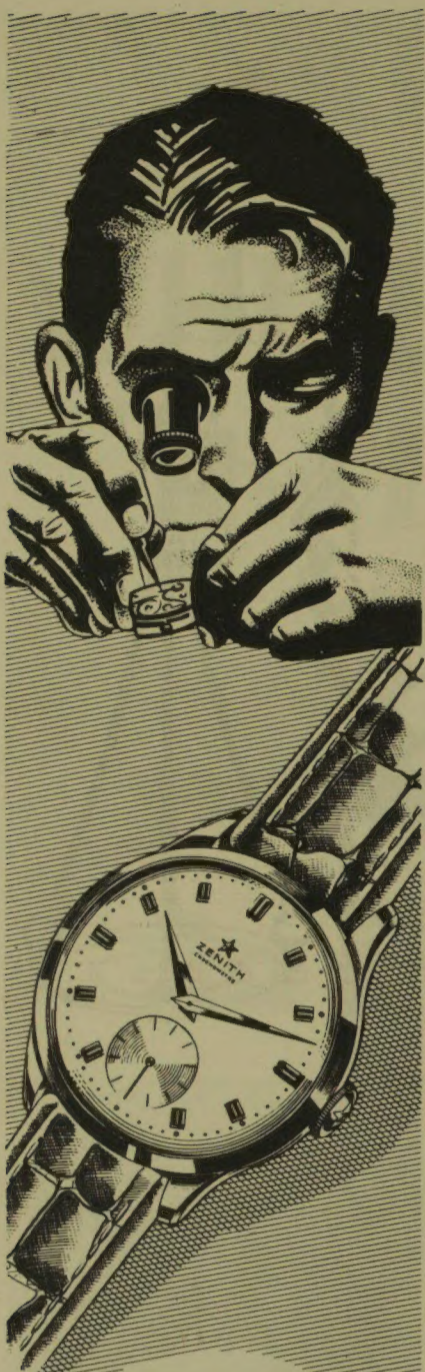
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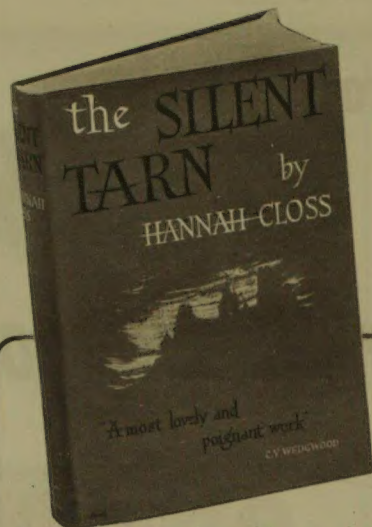
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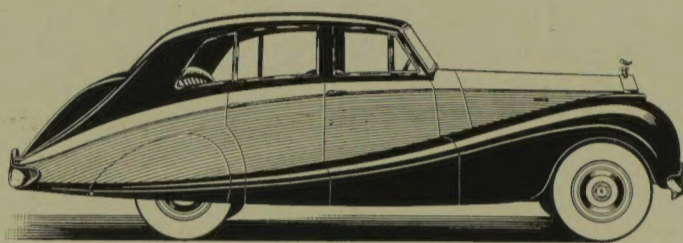
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To produce the new BP Super, petroleum spirit is passed through a \*catalyst impregnated with pure platinum. It re-forms the petroleum molecules so that you get a smoother-burning petrol which gives greater freedom from engine-knock and has more energy per gallon. This means that while new BP Super is ideal for all cars now on the road it will also suit higher-than-ever compression ratios. New BP Super, because it is platinum-processed, opens the way to further progress in engine design.

\* A catalyst is an agent which assists in producing a chemical change in other substances without being changed itself.

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## Give your car

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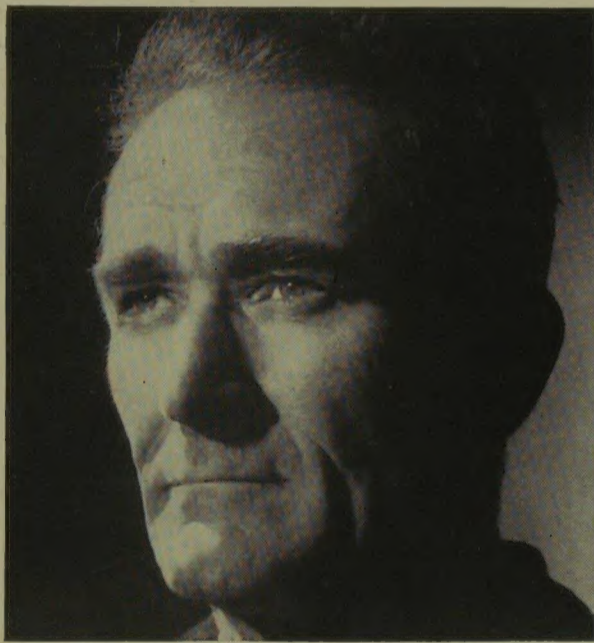
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## EYES?



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